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Paintings by Modest Stein

Heroines of Literature

Tess of the D'Urbervilles
Read John Erskine's *Story*
On Next Page

By John Erskine

It Was Mrs. D'Urbérville Who Asked Tess to Work on the Farm, but the Decision Had Already Been Made by Alec, Her Rascally Son.

Tess, PLAYTHING of FATE

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

WHEN Thomas Hardy published "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in 1891, the reading public was torn between resentment of the philosophy conveyed by the story and sympathy for the heroine.

Tess is one of the most attractive and most convincing figures in English fiction, but Hardy, a puzzling kind of genius, never could decide whether his mission was to preach the philosophy of fatalism or to create true portraits of human beings.

As a novelist he had a gift which his admirers sometimes describe as Shakespearean; he observed characters in the round, from all sides, and made them live. Tess seems a girl whom we have known, not a person we have read about.

Hardy made his creations to be also an argument against freedom of the will. He believed, or at least he wished us to believe, that human conduct is not and cannot be the result of any moral choice.

Heredity and the conditions, social or economic, in which we are born or into which Fate from time to time hurls us, force us to become, perhaps, the kind of person we least wish to be.

Tess was a pure woman. Hardy describes her so in the subtitle of the book. Having met her, we know for ourselves her natural goodness. But she dies on the gallows for murder, and Hardy would have us believe with him, as few of us now do, that in spite of her purity and goodness no other end was possible.

Tess Durbeyfield was the daughter of a ne'er-do-well farmer and his overworked and silly wife. A local antiquarian, meeting John Durbeyfield one afternoon, conveyed the information to him that the name Durbeyfield is a corruption of D'Urberville, and that the poor farmer, who has been drinking too much ale, is descended from a family once wealthy and titled.

Near by in the countryside well-to-do D'Urbervilles still live on their ancestral acres.

John Durbeyfield, confused and elated, reports this news to his wife and daughter. Tess brushes it aside, but Mrs. Durbeyfield, who has instincts of social climbing, immediately begins to dream.

Perhaps the well-to-do D'Urbervilles will give Tess domestic employment. Perhaps there is a young man in the family. If there is, he will doubtless fall in love with Tess, and she will marry into the ancestral acres, and restore her parents to the prosperity which several generations ago John Durbeyfield's side of the family enjoyed.

There is so much human nature in all this that the story would develop logically without Hardy's fatalistic doctrine. Tess in her character provides evidence that the Durbeyfields were descended from people much finer than themselves. She is by nature honest, sincere, loyal.

Obeying her mother, she takes the short journey to the D'Urberville farm, and is there engaged to look after the poultry. Mrs. D'Urberville asks her to undertake the work, but the decision has been made by the son of the family, Alec D'Urberville, a rascal, who considers every pretty girl his legitimate prey.

Tess dislikes him and fights him off as long as she can. When she knows she is to have a child, she goes home to her mother, who is silly enough to find satisfaction in the thought that the infant will have D'Urberville blood in its veins.

The child is born, Tess loves it, and for a short time she is happy, in spite of the difficult plight in which Alec D'Urberville has left her. But after a few months the infant sickens and dies, and Tess finds employment on another farm, as far as possible from the D'Urbervilles.

In this new place she meets Angel Clare, a serious young man, the son of a clergyman, who himself has impulses to save the world, and might have been a missionary, like other members of his family, if he had not had a vision of a new social order at home. Society will be saved, he believes, by primitive labor close to the soil. He is busy now learning the theory and the practice of agriculture.

Although he is better provided with ideals than with knowledge of life or with common sense, he is an attractive fellow, and Tess, like the other milkmaids on the farm, loses her heart. He is the one mastering love of her life.

He falls in love with her, and they marry, but on their wedding night she feels it her duty to tell him the episode of Alec D'Urberville and the child. Since he is as great a prig as Alec was a villain, Angel Clare decides he must go off somewhere, if necessary to the end of the world, and thrash his problem out with his conscience and his ideals.

He goes to Brazil, and for a year or more Tess hears nothing from him. By accident—Hardy's kind of fatalism—she encounters Alec D'Urberville again and hates him more than ever, but he pretends to be changed and his hypocrisy deceives her.

Meanwhile her father dies, her mother is in want, and nothing stands between the Durbeyfields and starvation except Alec D'Urberville's wealth.

She withstands his siege as well as she can. She writes to Angel Clare, her husband, imploring him to return and rescue her, but Angel comes back too late.

Tess, for her mother's sake, has already accepted Alec D'Urberville's aid, and though he knows her only happiness is bound up in her love for Angel Clare, he has taken possession of her a second time.

Then Angel Clare returns, rid of all his doubts, and overflowing with new love for Tess—and learns what has become of her. In despair Tess stabbed Alec D'Urberville to the heart.

After her inevitable arrest, she was promptly hanged. The novel contains no trial scene. It was Thomas Hardy's philosophy rather than the law which insisted on her execution.

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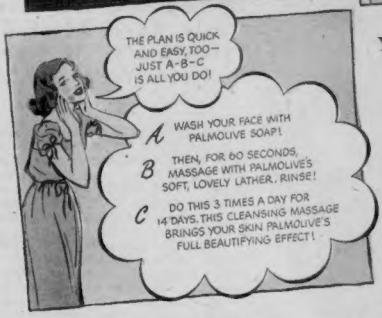
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How I stay young

by Ina Claire

"It Is Not So Much the Creams You Slap on Your Face, Nor the Facial Massage, Nor the Color of Your Make-Up That Keeps You Attractive," Says the Distinguished Actress. "It's Your Attitude Toward Life. If You're Bored, You're Old."

ACTRESSES are supposed to have special beauty secrets to preserve their youth. Of course, there is no such magic formula. I, for one, do nothing that couldn't be duplicated by any American housewife.

Probably I don't do things as well as some housewives. Many women exercise and diet regularly. I do it in fits and spurts.

Having just returned from England where I lived on a potato diet, I'm about due for one of these spurts.

Ina Claire Says She'd Be Perfectly Willing to Tell Her Age—If She Could Only Remember It.

I'll go on a salad, vegetable and protein diet and cut out all sweets and starches. I never eat desserts anyway, and enjoy salads and vegetables, so it's not such a chore.

Exercising is the real work. No prize fighter ever worked harder to get into shape than I do during one of my trimming sessions. I kick, I roll, I walk and get pounded by a masseuse. I even get my spine straightened out, which always makes me feel much better. In a month I'll be good as new and ready for my 20 weeks of roadwork in "Fatal Weakness" this fall.

My reconditioning program never takes more than a month because I never at any time let myself grow out of a size 16 dress.

As for my face, I probably neglect it according to the standards of many a housewife. I wash it with soap and water. My skin is thin and sensitive, so at night I lubricate it with an oil.

When I'm not on the stage I keep the make-up light. I wear cream rouge over a creamy make-up base. Then powder, brown, blue and red lipstick. I wear my hair in a short gamine cut and swept upward because it gives balance to my features. I bleach it a little for color highlights. My face is round and so I wear V-necked dresses to give illusion of length.

I like simple clothes. Embroidery and decoration annoy me. Naturally, I follow style. That's part of being alive. I'd get awfully tired seeing myself in the same sort of dress all the time, not to mention my friends.

When a new silhouette comes along, as it is doing now, of course I go along with it. However, I adapt it to my own needs. I consider myself a casual type and dress accordingly. You'd hardly wear frills and flounces if you were casual, would you? Simple sophistication, that's for me.

There you have the physical side of the story—which is actually the least important part of keeping young. It isn't the creams you slap on your face, nor the facial massage, nor the color of your make-up that keeps you attractive. It's your attitude toward life.

If you're bored, you're old. I frankly don't understand how an intelligent person can be bored. There's too much going on everywhere, all the time.

I love life—its humor, pathos, drama. I love people. I love action. I love my work and my home and my husband. I'm forever self-critical, trying to improve myself. That's probably why I don't do better in Hollywood. I feel that I improve my performance with repeated rehearsals.

It always seems to me that the longer I'm in a play, the better my work gets. But in Hollywood after the second time you've read your lines the cameras are grinding and you're through before you're ready to start.

Being so self-critical makes me unhappy sometimes. It makes me doubt myself; I never feel I'm quite good enough. Consequently, I'm sensitive about criticism and am easily hurt. Of course, that's not all bad either. It keeps me on my toes.

Keeping young should not be a conscious effort. I've seen women go kittenish at 50. There's no quicker way to show your age. You keep young by feeling young and thinking active, lively thoughts. I truthfully don't feel any different today than I did at 16. Oh, I'm a little more satisfied with life, less critical of my friends, more appreciative of things and people. More mellow. But actually, down deep inside, I don't feel any older.

Maybe it's my buoyant temperament. But more likely it's a sense of balance. Some people will undoubtedly expect me to say it's a sense of humor. But a real sense of humor is a sense of balance. You don't take things too lightly nor too seriously. You don't go all out for style, nor lag way behind. You don't wear a high-necked dress when you have a round face. It's all balance.

People always accuse actresses of not telling their true age. I'd tell my age, if I could just remember it. But I haven't given it a thought for so long. Oh, I could probably count it up—I have a birth certificate around somewhere. But it's not that important to me. The number of years just don't matter. Besides I can't count higher than 50.

Sunset ON A Social Empire

THE ancient crystal gleams no longer in Champ Soleil, Mrs. Lucy Drexel-Dahlgren's Newport villa. Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury's 147-room mansion, Whitemarsh Hall, in Philadelphia, has gone to a salt company.

The glitter of old, high society days fades, and now the tie which bound two of America's great social empires has been severed.

Mrs. Drexel-Dahlgren's daughter, Katharine Dahlgren Cromwell, and Mrs. Stotesbury's son, Oliver Eaton Cromwell, after long separation, finally have been divorced in Reno.

Historically, the severance will hardly be remembered. Yet the sharp words, the bitterness—with the scion of wealth and power and delicate table manners berated as a talentless idler—add a fillip to an era.

It's hardly the aftermath of pomp and primping that could have been foretold in days when Stotesbury and Dahlgren words were social law.

Who dared smile at them, when 100 or 150 dropped in on Mrs. Dahlgren for luncheon and 200 wished Mrs. Stotesbury a Happy New Year?

Now, any one can smile because, with the millions vanished and power diminished, Mrs. Dahlgren's daughter, Katharine, says (as she did in her separation suit preceding divorce):

"I do not expect the magnificent kind of living that is enjoyed by my husband's family. I only ask what will permit me to live suitably as the wife of Oliver Eaton Cromwell."

As his wife, she said, it would be suitable for her to live on a modest $500 a month. As for the "magnificent kind of living" which she mentioned, it is part now of a Stotesbury tradition as irretrievably past as the reign of Nebuchadnezzar.

Soon after the divorce Cromwell married Miss Georgia Engelhard, of New York, a Vassar graduate. They went to Teton Park, Wyo., for mountain climbing, and Katharine was left with a property settlement. The settlement could not have been a great one, for the Stotesburys' huge fortune had dwindled. Stotesbury left an estate appraised at $25,000,000.

That vast wealth has diminished as if under a dark spell. When Mrs. Stotesbury, the dowager, died in 1946, her estate was appraised at $293,165.

Mrs. Drexel-Dahlgren, who died in 1943, did better than that for the present generation. She left a $1,100,000 trust fund to her seven children, with Katharine Cromwell receiving her share.

Mrs. Dahlgren, if she had lived, probably would not have minded Katharine's small cut of the Stotesbury fortune. She would have been more troubled by her daughter's failure to find happiness in a union with the other ducal family, and she would have turned to her harp.

From girlhood, Mrs. Dahlgren played the harp, eventually with professional proficiency. Whenever she was disturbed, it was her solace.

Her musicales, with society listening, for years were events as notable as the Stotesbury birthday parties with as many as 300 in costume at the Stotesbury Florida villa, El Mirasol.

The divorce now recalls some of those days, and two of them stand out.

Mrs. Dahlgren was never in better form than on an afternoon in 1940 when nearly 100 guests applauded her as she played the harp accompanied by Mortimer Rapfogel, of the New York Philharmonic, with Katharine at the buffet.

Mrs. Stotesbury was never in better form, either, than she was on the day of Mr. Stotesbury's last birthday party, when she entertained 300 and her spry, aged husband appeared whitecoated, with a white turban, lettered "Doctor Stork."

In that life of wealth and social affairs, Mrs. Stotesbury's three children by an earlier marriage grew up—Oliver Eaton Cromwell, whose marriage to Katharine Dahlgren failed; James H. R. Cromwell, whose marriage to Doris Duke failed; and Louise Cromwell (now Mrs. Alf Hieberg), whose marriage to General Douglas MacArthur when he was superintendent at West Point, failed.

Back in 1927 when he and Katharine Dahlgren were married, Oliver was said by social handicappers to be a good match, although he did seem unpredictable at times. After being graduated at Princeton, he dabbled in poetry and wrote some articles on mountain climbing. Then he tried advertising and banking, though not for long.

Aside from mountain climbing, Katharine said in her suit, he lived in "luxurious idleness."

The idleness was native to his generation and station in life, not to the manner of his forebears or hers. His father, Oliver E. Cromwell (Mrs. Stotesbury's first husband), was a banker. Banking was in Katharine's family, too; she is the granddaughter of the late Joseph W. Drexel, founder of the Drexel banking interests.

Bankers' money bought the famous Stotesbury jewels, including the sapphire and diamond necklace which was Mr. Stotesbury's gift to his bride, and the string of diamonds which J. P. Morgan then gave her.

The years had their way with the gems as they did with the lives of those who used to see them glitter. Auctioneers knocked them down to the highest bidders, along with the porcelains, the gold and silver plate and the tapestries.

One by one the links with the past break. The fortune is gone. The gala receptions in Newport, New York and Florida are over.

There are fewer every year who recall that President and Mrs. William Howard Taft were there when the Stotesburys were married in Washington; fewer who remember that Jerome Kern used to play at a Stotesbury reception, while Mrs. Stotesbury smiled indulgently as her husband provided the lighter entertainment. His part was to beat a snare drum to the strains of "Dixie" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Even the names of the villas—El Mirasol and Champ Soleil—are nostalgic.

When something—such as the divorce which severs the two once-ruling families—brings that old opulence to mind, it seems momentarily as gaudy as an Arabian Nights dream. Whitemarsh Hall's great terraces and formal gardens shimmer.

Mrs. Stotesbury's 85 servants move dutifully inside the massive labyrinth. The guests represent the wealth of America.

That was the way it was.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

"Good-Bye Forever," Said Katharine Cromwell to Oliver

ENIGMA OF *Edith*

By Jack Stone

ON THE shore of Lake Michigan in Lake Forest, Ill., stands a huge marble palace called Villa Turicum. It has 44 rooms, besides quarters for 30 servants. It poses grandly on a 96-acre estate replete with formal gardens, lily pond, swimming pool and tea house.

It is splendidly ostentatious, imposing in its cold hauteur. But it is empty and up for auction, the last reminder of a fabulous figure, the last remnant of a fabulous fortune, whose sale it is

One Sunday Morning Edith Rockefeller McCormick Summoned the Devoted Krenn and His Swiss Friend Edward Dato and Strewed at Their Feet $5,000,000 Worth of Securities. She Refused When the Young Men Wanted to Sign Receipts. "We Can't Do Business That Way," She Said.

Illustrated by WENDELL KLING

Rockefeller McCormick

hoped will balance the books and rout the creditors.

When its drapeless windows, echoing halls and bare rooms pass into strange hands, the last tangible vestige of Edith Rockefeller McCormick —legendary in life and legendary in death—will have disappeared from the scene.

Villa Turicum, like its one-time mistress, belongs in the past. Its grandeur is an ancient, crumbling memory of the lush Gold Coast days. Its emptiness is the emptiness that lay deep in the heart of Edith McCormick herself—the emptiness that went with her to the grave.

SHE was called bizarre, fantastic, cold, austere, hard, peculiar, strange. No appellation was too harsh for gossiping tongues. They whispered about her over the teacups and criticized her cruelly in private.

Yet when they stood before her, the undisputed queen of the Gold Coast, they scraped and bowed and sought favor.

Through all this travesty they failed to see that behind the gaudy pretense there beat the heart of a woman—a lonely woman whose millions and the things they bought could not erase the void that encompassed her.

It was in 1895 that Edith Rockefeller married Harold McCormick. She was a demure young girl of 23, with laughing gray eyes and a mass of blond ringlets. McCormick was fresh out of Princeton. She was the princess of the royal oil family, the daughter of John D. He was the prince of the harvester clan, the second son of old Cyrus McCormick, whose original wheat reaper had sowed the family fortune.

These progeny of two of America's "first" families settled down to a prosaic life in Council Bluffs, Ia., for two years. Edith's father gave her $12,000,000 and this, supplemented by Harold's sizable holdings, made them a rich couple indeed.

The big city beckoned and Edith and Harold moved to Chicago, where Harold bought a huge, many-roomed gray stone house surrounded by a block of trees and a garden. This sombre edifice on Lake Shore Drive, though Edith did not know it then, was to become the focal point of Chicago's social marathon.

Mrs. Potter Palmer was society's crown princess when Edith appeared—a little timidly—upon the scene. But no crystal ball was needed to determine that the Palmer star was fading and that another must take its place. Who, then, was more fitted to take up the fallen scepter than Edith—young, charming, cultured, wealthy, and possessing unimpeachable lineage?

Once she tested the social waters Edith found them pleasantly inviting. She began a round of lavish entertainment in her Lake Shore mansion.

She was a gay, attractive hostess, yet even then displayed the reserve that later was to become an almost frigid formality. No one knew the real Edith McCormick then. In after years, when she adopted a regal mien and put up an unapproachable front, the chances of knowing her well became less and less. She died an enigma.

It was in 1901 that tragedy first entered Edith's life. John Rockefeller McCormick, Harold's and her first son, was stricken with scarlet fever.

Night after night father and mother sat beside his bed and when the fever caused his death they decided to do all they could to help eradicate the disease which had bereaved them.

THEY founded the John Rockefeller McCormick Institute for Infectious Diseases, ultimately furnishing more than $5,000,000 for its researches. It was this institute which eventually discovered the anti-toxin for scarlet fever.

The death of her first son was the beginning of a physical decline and a mental metamorphosis for Edith. Fowler, her second son, was a year old when it happened. In 1902 Muriel was born and in 1905 Mathilde arrived.

In 1911, on the verge of what she thought was a nervous breakdown, she suddenly recalled 120 invitations to a cotillion without explanation and departed with Harold for Zurich, Switzerland, for treatment by Dr. Carl Jung, noted psychiatrist. She was not aware then that America would not see her for 10 years, or that she had cancer.

She spent long hours under Dr. Jung's tutelage, absorbing his philosophy of a mystical calmness of mind, a detached attitude toward life.

As time wore on, she became more and more steeped in the Jung credo. Harold returned to the United States, where her children were growing up without her supervision. As she deviated from the familiar pattern of family life and delved deeper into psychiatric lore, her character commenced to take on the curious quirks that were to furnish Chicago with food for gossip.

This is illustrated by an incident which took place in Zurich in 1916. James Joyce, the partly blind Irish author, was teaching in the Swiss city and attempting to write on the side.

His aim was to complete "Ulysses," but the rigors of double duty were too much and he was ready to abandon his project.

His plight was brought to the attention of Edith, who promptly gave him 1,000 francs a month for living expenses so he could concentrate on his writing. When "Ulysses" was completed and acclaimed as a masterpiece, the grateful author sent her one-half of the original manuscript as a keepsake. She returned it immediately.

Nonplussed, Joyce called upon his benefactress and inquired the reasons for her action. She received him coolly, answered him in monosyllables and finally dismissed him curtly. He never learned why.

When Edith returned to her native country in 1921 she was far from the woman who had left it.

International

Edith Rockefeller McCormick—the Eccentric Was Forgotten When She Died.

Grimly austere, given to periods of seclusion and silence, haughtily conscious of her position, she was a granite counterpart of the laughing young girl who had burst upon the Chicago scene in 1897.

In her retinue was a short, plump, young man named Edwin Krenn, a Swiss architect. It was announced that Krenn had been engaged to draw plans for the McCormick zoological gardens. Of a shy nature, Krenn followed his employer wherever she went.

He walked three feet behind Edith, spoke only when spoken to, became a shadow in her wake.

Edith's estrangement from Harold was now complete.

In December of that year she sued for divorce, charging desertion. There was an amicable settlement of the couple's huge interests, which left Edith one of the richest women in the world, her wealth estimated at $50,000,000.

Now rumors started flying. Krenn would become Edith's second husband. They were false rumors. The architect was often in the Lake Shore mansion, but there was no romance.

Edith took her old place at the head of the Gold Coast with none to challenge her.

She received her minions seated on a dais, surrounded by Napoleonic memorabilia, fancying herself closely allied to the "Little Corporal."

She staged tea parties at Villa Turicum, stately affairs at the Lake Shore home, public benefits.

She moved slowly across these gala scenes like an empress, the ever-faithful Krenn always within call.

On one occasion she announced a series of teas to be held in a public park. She issued invitations and the guests gathered amid the catcalls and whistles of urchins looking on from behind ropes.

Soft music played as Edith graciously received and waiters scurried to serve.

Tea over, the first guest departed, only to be stopped by the headwaiter, who whispered politely: "Your bill, sir."

Aghast, the gentleman dug down and paid. As the other guests left they were treated similarly.

The second tea found only one-third of those invited in attendance. At the third nobody turned up. Edith waited and waited, chatting amiably with a disturbed Mr. Krenn. Late in the afternoon she departed, regal as always, as though nothing untoward had happened.

At her dinners a footman stood behind the chairs of each two guests, awaiting her signal for a change of courses.

Suffering from chronic indigestion and unable to enjoy food herself, Edith timed the procedure with a watch laid by her plate.

An unwary guest who dallied in conversation for even a moment was more than likely to have his food whisked away, untouched.

SHE was convinced psychoanalysis was her mission in life. Krenn, along with 99 servants and outsiders, was one of her patients. She was given to public pronouncements such as:

"You are like a craft that is caught in the current of a stream. You must learn to keep your craft in the center but you have nothing to do with the current. It will bear you downstream whether you will or not."

A student of any new "ism" that happened along, she would sit on the porch in mid-winter, wrapped in furs, while her current professor, unprepared for the ordeal, shivered miserably.

She was deathly afraid of trains and ships. On a sea voyage she remained in her cabin and drugged herself with sleeping pills.

Once, on a train journey, she took a doctor with her. When she had hysterics over the peril of traveling, the doctor doused her with a pitcher of ice water. She became livid with anger, but finished the trip without a peep.

In 1923 Edward A. Dato, a friend of Krenn from Switzerland, met her and proposed she back a gigantic real estate venture.

On a Sunday morning she called Krenn and Dato to her side and spread $5,000,000 worth of stocks on her $125,000 Emperor's Rug.

"It's all yours," she said. Dato wanted to give a receipt. "We can't do business on that basis," she told him sternly. "Now get going."

Like two excited schoolboys Krenn and Dato "got going." Within the year they engaged in huge real estate deals that stupefied more moderate plungers. The two young men became fabulously successful overnight.

Edith sank million after million into the ever-expanding enterprise. Krenn, now that he had some money of his own, presented to her a tremendous, ornate necklace. This she had brought into a dinner gathering on a velvet pillow and added to her collection of famous emeralds.

But Krenn was not happy in his virtual slavery. Often he would steal away to play haunting, melancholy strains on the piano, or to gaze wistfully at trunks he had bought and never used.

THEN the real estate bubble burst. The golden flood of dollars which had gone in went out just as quickly. It is estimated that from 1927 to 1932 the Krenn-Dato-McCormick holdings shrank from $40,000,000 to zero.

As demands for coverage became heavier and heavier, Edith depleted her fortune.

In 1932 doctors recommended she move to the Drake Hotel, just across the street, for a quieter mode of living.

At an appointed hour, regal and punctual as ever, she swept into her car, replete with driver and footmen, and was driven the 150 feet to her new residence.

Sensing that the end was near, her three children and a sister and a brother visited her there —Mathilde, whose marriage to a Swiss riding academy master, Maj. Max Oser, in 1923, she had opposed; Fowler, whose marriage to "Fifi" Stillman, almost her own age, the year before had not met with her approval; Muriel, who had married Maj. Elisha Hubbard, 23 years her senior, but 12 months before; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and a sister, Mrs. E. Parmalee Prentice of New York.

At this family reunion Krenn hovered in the background, a stranger by blood but a faithful companion to the end.

Edith McCormick the eccentric was forgotten. Edith McCormick the mother, who had chosen to follow her own lonely path, lay on her deathbed. The return of her children served but to emphasize that lonely path. A month later she died.

She left $5,000,000 to Krenn—a futile gesture of loyalty. Her fortune was all gone. Creditors whittled it to nothing. Then pieces of the Villa Turicum estate were sacrificed to meet obligations. Now the Villa Turicum palace is for sale.

When it goes, Edith Rockefeller McCormick will truly have been relegated to the past.

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By William Engle

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

Cringing Before Her Mistress' Wrath, Dora, the Slave, Sometimes Would Murmur in Desperation: "Mr. Harmon — He Like Me Better." Her Mistress' Daughter, Watching, Gradually Came to Understand That the Slave Was Doing a Lifetime's Penance for an Old Wrong.

Slave IN THE Cradle OF Liberty

BENEATH the trees of Boston's sedate old Beacon Street, and inside its brownstone fronts, they are beginning this fall to live it down. The years, they think, will dull the sharpness of the disgrace.

But the record always will show that there in Massachusetts, where the movement to abolish slavery in America was nurtured, the last Negro slave was held in bondage as late as the year 1947 by stern and cold-eyed Mrs. Elizabeth Ingalls, a descendant of Colonial Governor William Bradford.

She kept a slave for nearly 40 years. She kept Dora Jones, of Georgia, from her pretty girlhood deep on into middle age, and she did it because Dora, in the long-gone past, for a while stole away her first —now long-forgotten—husband.

That is the record. The elderly Mrs. Ingalls admits it. A social and civic leader in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, wife of a lawyer and legislator, she was recently found guilty of slavery under the Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment.

At 62, now, she is free, under a court's probation, after paying a fine and making $6,000 restitution to Dora. Dora, at 57, after almost a lifetime of servitude in the community that was once the freedom terminal of the "underground railway," is free as air. She is free to fill in details of a story which for four weeks of trial rocked a criminal courtroom.

"I was an Alabama girl and I think there were 12 of us, brothers and sisters, in the family."

This was Dora, speaking this fall in the home of her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Maples, in St. Louis.

"I don't have very much education. A little Scripture, you might say. I can name the Books of the Old Testament and recite some verses. I believe the Scripture."

Believing it, she said, she grew to like a young missionary teacher who went down to Athens, Ga, away back when she and the missionary teacher were young.

"She was Miss Elizabeth Kimball then," said Dora. "After she went up to Washington, she sent for me. She was being married."

Miss Elizabeth Kimball, college graduate and earnest in the mission field, was being married to Walter Harmon in the capital, and they were taking Dora in as a maid.

"About four years after I had been there, a certain incident happened," she said, her words precise and her eyes suddenly averted. "After that, Mrs. Harmon (now Mrs. Ingalls) said I was bad. She stopped paying me and said I owed her my entire services."

The incident was made more clear in testimony. It became the skeleton in the Beacon Street closet, never out of the mind of the slave's grim mistress for almost two decades.

Harmon, the husband, was young then, and Dora was younger, and they both were up in the morning before the mistress of the house.

"That was when the incident happened," said Dora.

When she discovered that she was an expectant mother, she told Mrs. Harmon (the later Mrs. Ingalls).

When Mrs. Harmon heard this, she decided that the truth must be hidden from everyone who knew her, particularly in Boston.

Not a word could be allowed to get outside. Not a hint. There could be none, she said. Funds were provided for medical attention for Dora. Although Dora did not become a mother, she was given to understand she would thereafter stay back in an unending obscurity.

But Mrs. Harmon did not rightly evaluate the "certain incident." Her husband, the trial testimony showed, went back again to Dora.

During World War I, the Harmons were divorced. Dora's mistress was married to Ingalls in 1918. They lived then in Lynn, Mass., and for the last 12 years in Boston. Dora stayed with them under conditions which finally, this year, stirred one of their daughters, Mrs. Helen Roberts, wife of Richard Roberts, a California technical engineer, to precipitate the FBI investigation ending in Mrs. Ingalls' conviction.

Those conditions, the trial brought out, led the trial judge finally to say that Mrs. Ingalls had "suffered a national disgrace."

Dora, in that Beacon Street home, lived in a bare room, six feet by seven feet, next to the laundry, said a witness, who now is mistress of the home.

"We now use the room for garbage and trash," she testified. "It isn't fit for my children's kitten."

Dora, working out her penance (with the man, Harmon, long gone), shoveled snow as early as 5:30 in the morning, said witnesses, and worked 16 hours a day.

Mrs. Ingalls, thin-lipped and glowering, saw to that. She threatened Dora with "jail or hell," said Dora as a witness, and the maid, as years ran into decades, cringed in the Ingalls' shadows. (A jury failed to find the Mr. Ingalls, once so eminent in Boston, attorney for the Watch and Ward Society, either guilty or not guilty, and the charge was dropped.)

Mrs. Ingalls, meanwhile, stepped firm and supercilious, among New England's daughters. At home, it was testified, she sometimes had to hear Dora, backed to a wall, say: "Mr. Harmon—he like me better." Sometimes she scratched Dora. Outside, she reigned as president of a women's political organization, president of the Federated Women's Churches, and occasionally she lectured for the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Even Mrs. Ingalls' daughter, Helen, growing up, did not realize, nor did her sister, Ruth. Last fall, Helen first saw it all clearly.

The elderly Ingallses, at last forsaking their stern New England for an old age in California, started west. Dora, who Mrs. Ingalls declared was always "just one of the family and no slave at all," was taken with them in the car.

The car was not a slave ship, as in the old days. But there was something reminiscent of slavery about it.

The Ingallses slept in beds on the way. Dora slept in the car. When they reached Berkeley, Cal., where Mrs. Ingalls' daughter, Helen, lives, Helen could not restrain her pent-up feeling.

Her report to the police brought the FBI down on the Ingallses. The FBI's long investigation resulted in the trial.

Mrs. Ingalls, in Coronado, Calif., must have psychiatric treatment for two years, under court order.

At last there is no "must" for Dora. She sits, smiling in the sunlight, on her sister's porch in St. Louis.

WHO'S Mrs. Palmer NOW?

By Irving Johnson

WHEN the third Mrs. Courtland Palmer recently decided that her marriage hadn't measured up to expectations, she had a made-to-order case for annulment against her rich husband.

There were no papers to draw up and no facts or figures for her to assemble.

All she needed was a copy of the complaint filed by the first Mrs. Palmer—Minnie Mass Palmer—in New York Supreme Court two years ago. She knew where to look for it, too, since she and the suave clubman-lawyer were the defendants.

That's all changed now. Pretty Cynthia Stone Palmer is the plaintiff this time and says she wants to give Palmer back to Minnie after all.

Slim Cynthia, press agent for Palm Beach before meeting and marrying Palmer, stood by her middle-aged spouse when Minnie argued that his 1940 Reno divorce from her was a mere scrap of paper and that she was, in fact, the one and only Mrs. Courtland Palmer. There was also a little matter of unpaid alimony that Minnie wanted.

Palmer managed to preserve his marital status when he and Minnie reached a settlement before trial and she dropped her action.

The case was closed and a two years' dust gathered on the papers. Then, suddenly, Cynthia decided Minnie was right all along and resolved to carry on, herself, from the point where her predecessor left off.

Cynthia Stone Palmer—Her Demands Are Preposterous, Says Her Husband—Or Is He?

Like Minnie, she also wants some money—$800 weekly alimony for the support of herself and Courtland, Jr., now two; $15,000 for her lawyer and $2,500 for "disbursements."

Minnie's old papers came in handy in these computations, since the first Mrs. Palmer had estimated her ex-husband's earnings at $175,000 a year. Cynthia, scanning the same set of figures, says it would be a simple matter for him to meet her demands.

He maintains households on New York's Park Avenue, at swank Southampton and at Palm Beach, says Cynthia, and has a 65-foot cabin cruiser and membership in many exclusive clubs.

Palmer, finding himself unwanted by the two women who once wanted him most, or thought they did, has something to say about this latest complication in his domestic affairs.

There apparently is no idea of a settlement in his mind this time. His answer to Cynthia's complaint came quickly, and he charged she had been anything but an everloving wife.

He said she was unfit to care for their child, accused her of extravagances in clothes and entertainment and claimed she was running around with other men. He calls her $41,600-a-year alimony demands preposterous, far beyond her needs and his capacity to pay.

The current Mrs. Palmer, he continues, is living at his Long Island home and he is paying her $1,000 a month. She has a large and costly wardrobe, 75 pairs of shoes and has opened charge accounts in 100 stores.

Palmer says she pays $250 for dresses and that he received bills recently for a $415 dress, two dozen bath towels for $129; eight bath mats for $76; sheets at $45 each and pillow cases at $18.50.

Cynthia and Palmer were married in New York in the fall of 1944 and he insists that he told her of his 26-year marriage to Minnie and a subsequent four-year one to Kathleen Barrett, who divorced him in 1944.

Palmer says his business required his frequent absence and that he learned, while away, how domesticity had paled on his lovely third wife and how her idle moments were brightened by champagne parties and "questionable male friendships."

"My wife," his papers state, "proceeded to transform her bourgeois home into a continental salon where young male idlers could repair and enjoy the amenities of luxurious existence—at my expense, of course."

Palmer says she admitted falling in love with one of her guests—Virgil S. Moore, Florida banker and automobile dealer — and wanted to marry him. Then, he goes on, she asked him to give a birthday party for her last March 14 at a Florida shore club—and invited Mr. Moore.

Palmer says he refused to be host to Moore, but that Cynthia gave the party anyway and sent him the bill. Shortly afterwards, he charges, Moore went to California and Cynthia left immediately to visit friends there.

The aggrieved husband also says that Moore often stayed over night at the Palmer home while he was away, that a maid found two of Cynthia's combs under a bed occupied by a guest and that two Spaniards were entertained by Cynthia at the Beach Club at Southampton.

Cynthia denies everything. The Spaniards, she says, were safely married and members of old and honored Castilian families. She says she never was in love with Moore and that he stayed over only one night when he was ill and couldn't get a hotel room.

Her unexpected guest for the night slept on the couch in the living room, she continues, and another guest, Sarah Foss, was in the house at the same time.

Moore, in supplementary papers, says he was never alone with Cynthia and that he considered himself a friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. Palmer, he continues, was most affable after the couple had accepted his invitation to a party.

The papers are all in now and both sides are marking time while a New York Supreme Court referee figures out Cynthia's alimony, pending trial of the annulment suit.

The question then will be whether Mrs. Minnie Mass Palmer is, or is not, the rightful Mrs. Courtland Palmer. Two years ago she insisted she was. Now Cynthia, the third Mrs. Palmer, insists she still is.

Weird Destiny of Ambrose Bierce

WHEN Ambrose Bierce, at a creaking 71, walked into the revolution-ridden wilds of Mexico in 1913, never to be heard from again, he was no doubt fulfilling the only destiny compatible with his bleak philosophy on humanity's future: a sudden descent into timeless and welcome oblivion.

After he vanished (there is no actual proof that he is dead), the very manner of his going brought him a measure of the fame he never sought in life. But for years, the public was more interested in the aura of mystery surrounding his disappearance than in what he had written.

Then the literary world, come alive belatedly to the merits of his works, began a new and favorable appraisal of Bierce the Author rather than Bierce the Man. Today his literary stature is recognized in full for the first time and in a new book of his collected writings, published by the Citadel Press with a brilliant foreword by Clifton Fadiman, "Bitter" Bierce emerges as one of the great writers and strange characters in American literature.

He scorned renown and defied convention. He scoffed at the optimism and reveled in black pessimism. With misanthropical savagery he created enemies out of friends. He longed for death all his life and, strangely enough, it is only through death that he has lived.

Ambrose Gwinett Bierce (he dropped the "Gwinett" when a contemporary rival referred to him as "Almighty God Bierce") was born on June 24, 1842, in Meigs County, Ohio last of a poor farmer's nine children. He hated his log cabin home and his family, later referring to his parents as "unwashed savages."

It was undoubtedly an unhappy childhood that channeled him toward misanthropy. (Many of his horror tales hinged on patricide and matricide and contain macabre humor, such as the opening sentence of "An Imperfect Conflagration:" "Early one June morning in 1872 I murdered my father—an act which made a deep impression on me at the time.")

He went through the entire Civil War, being wounded in the head (one critic said he was never the same afterwards) and coming out as a major. This turbulent conflict he seemed to engage in with a passionate joy and his later writings on the subject gave proof that he considered the war but another justification of his belief that so-called civilization was corrupt and insincere.

From 1866 to 1872 he wrote for the Argonaut and the News Letter in San Francisco. In 1871 he married Mary Ellen Day, daughter of a Forty-niner. Two sons and a daughter were born. Later, as if his domestic life must follow the gloomy pattern of his thoughts, his wife left him, his elder son was killed in a shooting brawl over a girl and his younger son died of alcoholism.

He spent some time in London, where the aggressive type of journalism which had won him the title of "Bitter" Bierce made him popular in some circles. It was from 1887 to 1896, during which period he conducted a column in the San Francisco Examiner, that he did his best work.

He was considered a sort of Samuel Johnson of the West Coast. Quick to attack, quick to defend, he made enemies by the score and exulted in their animosity. His barbs fell indiscriminately.

Some of his sour witticisms are looked upon as classics today. Here are a few definitions from his "The Devil's Dictionary:"

EDIBLE: Good to eat, and wholesome to digest, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm.

ACQUAINTANCE: A person whom we know well enough to borrow from, but not well enough to lend to. A degree of friendship called slight when its object is poor or obscure, and intimate when he is rich or famous.

ABSURDITY: A statement or belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion.

EGOTIST: A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

PATIENCE: A minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

MARRIAGE: The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress, and two slaves, making in all, two.

After leaving the Examiner Bierce worked in Washington for the New York American.

Declining years did not soften him. In 1913, aged 71, his productive days over, proud and disillusioned, he set his affairs in order, revisited the battle scenes of his youth and entered Mexico. His remark to an acquaintance that he was heading into the "good, good darkness," indicates he was questing his best friend, Death.

No one ever heard from "Bitter" Bierce again.

James H. Wilkins, a San Francisco journalist, sent to find him, reported that a Villa soldier had seen the writer shot down by Villa forces in 1915, but there was no proof.

During World War I he was reported on Lord Kitchener's staff. A Swiss trapper claimed to have run across him in the Brazilian jungle. Dr. Adolph Danzger de Castro claimed two of Villa's generals confessed seeing him fall at the hands of a Villa assassin.

According to J. Patrick Riordan, soldier of fortune, Bierce was shot during a skirmish with federal troops near Mocho, Mexico. Leaving him water and his rifle across his lap, he was propped against a wall.

"Next day I returned with Villa's main force," Riordan later related, "Bierce was still sitting against the wall. But he was dead."

Another story had him dying in a Napa, Calif., insane asylum. All lacked substantiation.

Bierce's disappearance became the subject of numerous short stories, psychoanalysis, crystal gazing, press fantasies, dialogues and editorial comment. "Where is Ambrose Bierce?" became a more important question than "Who is Ambrose Bierce?"

Now the world is beginning to know who Ambrose Bierce is through his writings. Through his very bitterness and refusal to compromise with the black world he saw, he has left a legacy of contrasting hope. As Clifton Fadiman says:

"He was so obsessed by the horror of real life that he had to call in the aid of another dimension to express it. He seemed to be saying to us: 'You do not have enough sense to shudder by yourselves; I will make you shudder then at spirits which are but yourselves upon another plane! If I cannot make you shrink from life, I will make you shrink from its goal and culmination death!'

"It is fitting that someone should be born and live and die, dedicated to the expression of bitterness. It is proper that there should be at least one man able to give penetrating expression to that mood."

It is doubtful that, could "Bitter" Bierce regard this kindly criticism from another sphere, he would answer with restraint.

Illustrated by OZNI BROWN

According to J. Patrick Riordan, Soldier of Fortune, He Found Bierce Propped Against a Wall, His Rifle Across His Lap. But This Only Served to Deepen the Mystery of What Became of the Famous Writer.

Millions For A Few Kind Words

Lascelles Told the Princess Royal to Throw Out the Fabulously Expensive Trousseau Her Mother Had Selected for Her. "It Is Dowdy, Frumpy," He Said.

Illustrated by
TONY VARADY

By Charles Goddard

HARRY LASCELLES, born poor, had grown steadily more so until for a time he lived on government relief.

But "Death, the great receiver," cancels all debts — so one day Harry returned to the front with his Grenadier Guards, expecting to "die like a gentleman."

First, however, he spoke a few kind words to an old, despised tramp.

Lascelles did not die but the tramp did, leaving him nearly $12,000,000 in English money — he became the Earl of Harewood and the King's brother-in-law, living happily ever after with the Princess Mary, until he passed away the other day at the age of 64.

Of course there are several catches in this fantastic true story of "Lucky" Lascelles or it would be as improbable as the Greek myth of Philemon and Baucis, a poverty-stricken couple who became rich by entertaining two tramps who happened to be gods, Zeus and Hermes, disguised.

As a further reward, when Philemon died, he was converted into an oak while his good wife, Baucis, became a linden tree—all of which is more miraculous, but not such an honor as marrying into the royal family.

The main catch is that Harry's tramp was a nobleman, the Earl of Clanricarde, and noble tramps are uncommon.

Also he was the only one, as far as known, to be worth $12,000,000 which made him as unusual as a Greek deity walking around in rags. Most hoboes do not have folding money to leave.

Only a psychiatrist could have fathomed how this character got that way, though some think it had to do with his being an absentee Irish landlord.

After coming into his inheritance, instead of living up to it, he lived down to pauperdom or as close as he could without disturbing his other hobbies.

With $320,000 a year to spend, His Lordship seems to have tried to live as poorly as his tenants, first in a two-room flat, then in a slightly larger one in Hanover Square, where he allowed his housekeeper only sixpence a day for "cooking coals."

But the miser stacked the kitchen with priceless Sevres china while the other rooms were a storehouse for dust-covered paintings and other works of art.

Peers of the realm are expected to join exclusive London clubs and because he conformed to that one proper requirement, the real trouble began. The earl, having stopped buying clothes, became shabbier and shabbier, his trousers and sleeves frayed and ragged at the cuffs, while his ancient cloak turned a "tramp's purple" from the weather because he never took a cab.

When occasion demanded a silk hat he wore one, but so aged that he was often seen licking the top of its crown with his tongue to make the fuzz lie down. His reaction to hints and innuendoes was to go from bad to worse.

In club dining rooms he would order a brace of chops, eat one and put the other in his pocket.

Chefs refused to fry for him bits of fat and gristle, salvaged from garbage cans, but a charwoman obliged the rich man, in the belief that he was a starving down-and-outer.

Most exasperating of all was the trick of sitting in a club window, dressed like a tramp and licking the tip of his nose with the tip of his tongue, a feat which always drew a crowd.

Still they did not expel him because it just isn't done to earls for eccentricities.

Instead they gave him the silent treatment, all members acting as if he did not exist.

This had been going on for years without visible benefit. Then Lascelles entered the picture and here must be mentioned the second catch.

Though not to the money, Lascelles was very much to the manner born.

Some dreaded day, he would inherit the title of his impoverished father, the Earl of Harewood. However, his parents managed to send him to Eton and Sandhurst; after which Harry joined the Grenadier Guards, then became an attache of the Embassy at Rome.

He then went to Canada where adventurers sometimes get rich quick, only to lose his little all in a forest fire which forced him along with others to live for a while on relief. World War I called him back to uniform, as poor as he began.

On furlough, in 1915, he told Ralph Neville, clubman and wit, that he must drop his clubs because he could not pay the dues.

"Nonsense," said his friend, "you are going back to die. Die like a gentleman, with your clubs in your obituary. As for debts, a man who dies for his country owes nothing."

Instead of resigning, Harry entered the St. James Club for a last, grand meal and recognized a frowzy figure, surrounded by indignant backs.

For 10 years he had disliked and avoided that person but the resolve to die had so softened Harry that he politely inquired about his health.

For some time they chatted, discovering a common interest in china and glass which moved the old man to promise the younger a piece or two when he came back.

"My best bet is not to come back," observed Harry.

The shabby earl studied him some time before replying:

"Young man, Julius Caesar once said that death is not always wooed easily. You will come back."

A year later, though once gassed, twice wounded, twice mentioned in dispatches, decorated with the D.S.O. and Croix de Guerre, he was still in the trenches when he learned that Clanricarde had left him nearly 3,000,000 pounds.

This was followed by the death of his father, giving him the title which could now be carried on as it should be.

The tramp was Lascelles' great-uncle but it was those few kind words which made him write a new will that very day.

After the war, the new Earl of Harewood did credit to the title, in every way, including a racing stable.

Though he never won a Derby, it was at the tracks that he met, wooed and won Princess Mary, daughter of King George V.

On their honeymoon in Paris he achieved perhaps his greatest feat of all. When his royal bride asked how he liked her fabulously expensive trousseau, selected by her ultra-conservative mother, he answered:

"It is frumpy. Throw it all away and fit yourself out in the latest."

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MR. GREENE Loved 2 Women

Mrs. Greene Was Greatly Disturbed When Her Husband Developed an Unusual Fondness for Flowers. The Fondness, She Found Out, Was Not for Flowers at All.

JOHN H. GREENE loved two women and had two women, which was bad, but while he had one he always wanted the other which made it worse until his wife Julia removed her blond rival with bullets.

John was so angry at this that he hoped Julia would be sent to prison for life—yet, when a jury made the wish come true, he was filled with remorse, changed his mind again and is striving to get her a new trial.

Mr. Greene, a prosperous Rhode Island car dealer, seems to have been happy with his wife, now 39, and his three children, now in their teens, until the early '40s. Mrs. Greene then detected certain symptoms indicating something more serious than business problems and discovered that he was constantly visiting a Pawtucket florist's shop.

Buying flowers, for whom? The other woman, of course. The logic was strong but wrong, because flowers were the one thing he never bought for her, until the day of her funeral.

Finally Julia entered the florist's shop where one glance explained the mystery. The florist's assistant was Mrs. Virginia M. Boston, a lovely blonde, 11 years younger than herself, with a background of flowers and their perfume instead of pots, pans and cooking smells. It was the situation wives see in nightmares.

A good wife and mother, Mrs. Greene did not deserve such unfair competition but she struggled bravely against it, in the hope that it would be a passing affair and pass it did.

John suddenly became the old John, attentive husband and kindly father, even buying flowers for her, from a shop where there was no blonde.

Julia was thankful that she had not been hasty but the happiness lasted less than a year and then, like a bee in springtime, he was back amongst the flowers. Julia did not give up hope and, sure enough, a few months later found him back in her arms again, her very own, only to suffer another relapse.

At shorter and shorter intervals, John's heart, like a tennis ball, bounded back and forth between home and florist. How Mrs. Boston felt about the situation is something she took with her to the grave but Mrs. Greene's nerves could stand it no longer, causing her to agree to a separation forever.

Forever lasted only 90 days when John begged her to join him in Florida for a reconciliation and celebration of their 15th wedding anniversary.

The combined event was a perfect second honeymoon, except that it lasted less than 24 hours. Next morning when the dreaded symptoms reappeared, Julia asked if he was thinking of the other woman.

"It's no use, Julia." He replied. "You will have to divorce me so I can marry Virginia."

If he could feel that way at such a time, then things were indeed hopeless, she thought, and agreed. But before the legal process was more than started, John was back in her arms again. Mrs. Greene could not stand much more of this but she loved the man—what could she do?

The only thing she had not tried was reasoning with the other woman who at that time lived with her father only nine doors away.

At her murder trial Mrs. Greene testified that she walked in, heard voices and found John and Virginia.

Julia says that she hardly had time to speak before Mrs. Boston's father seized her by the throat and threw her out of the house, with John following just in time to save her from falling down the front steps.

"On the way home he told me I was acting foolishly," she testified.

"Foolish! Foolish!" Everybody told her that. But nobody told her how to be wise enough to hold this man she loved. Her mind grew confused. She got possession of a nickel-plated revolver but did nothing with it until, according to her account, she realized that the children might find it.

So she set out on the morning of last November 2 to sell the dangerous thing.

On one of Pawtucket's busiest streets she beheld Mrs. Boston, her arms full of bundles, her eyes aglint with happiness.

"Happiness, shopping, money, my husband," flashed through her mind. "This time she will have to talk with me."

But Virginia refused to answer the wife's low voice, so Julia opened her pocketbook and said it loud, with three bullets, two in the back and one in the neck.

Running up what proved to be a blind alley, Mrs. Greene ran out again and threw the gun into the grass on Pitcher Street, where she was seized by witnesses to the shooting.

So horrified and angry was Mr. Greene at his wife's act that he not only refused to testify in her behalf but started divorce proceedings in Portland, Me., charging cruel and abusive treatment and stating that he hoped she would spend the rest of her life in prison.

A jury of six men and six women gave a verdict of murder in the second degree which carries a mandatory sentence of ten years to life imprisonment.

Again the intermittent Mr. Greene had gotten exactly what he wanted and again, having gotten it, changed his mind. Remorse smote him, until he dropped the divorce suit, announced that his wife had not been in a responsible condition at the time of the killing and that the verdict was a travesty on justice.

He put it all down in a plea to Justice Philip G. Joslin, asking for a new trial at which he promises to tell everything.

"I did not come forward at the trial because of my hatred," he confessed. "I did not care if they gave her life. Now that has passed. I can not carry this hatred any longer.

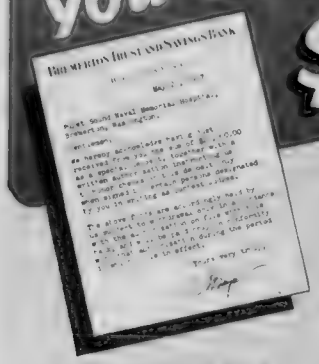
"I am convinced that Julia was on her way to dispose of the revolver when she met Virginia...and in insane jealousy did what she did."

Judge Joslin, who presided at the trial, is considering the plea. For a while Julia thought that if she were tried again and acquitted, John and she would be reunited, but his most recent move was to counter another divorce suit charging extreme cruelty.

Probably she still hasn't given up hope. John might be accused of many things, but never of being predictable.

Illustrated by L. DE MONSE

YOU CAN STILL WIN $5,500.00 CASH



A MILLION DOLLAR HOSPITAL FOR $200,000!

That's the amazing proposition recently offered by the Navy Department to the people of Bremerton. This famed Navy City—on scenic land-locked Puget Sound, North Pacific Headquarters of the U. S. Navy is the largest and most important American Naval Base on the Pacific Coast.

Here, on the Evergreen Olympic Peninsula, is located the huge Puget Sound Naval Memorial Hospital, covering 30 acres—fully equipped with every modern device of medical science and completely staffed with highly trained personnel. Built during the war by the United States Government at a cost of considerably more than $1,000,000 to provide additional hospital facilities at this Great Naval Establishment, this immense hospital has NOW been made available to the men and women who rebuilt and repaired the fighting ships damaged by enemy action during World War II.

In order to accomplish this high purpose and also to maintain this magnificent Hospital in the service of suffering humanity, it is necessary to gather together the sum of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS within the next few months. You are therefore now cordially invited to join with the people of Bremerton in the important task of perpetuating the Puget Sound Naval Memorial Hospital—that it may still serve the American men and women who continue, in peace as in war, the keeping of our Navy "on guard," at Uncle Sam's Northwest Gateway and Frontier—in this beautiful Evergreen Land.

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to any resident of the United States or its territories, except contest employees, directors and employees of the Puget Sound Naval Memorial Hospital and their families.
2. Each contestant is invited to subscribe with his entry, $2.00 or more as a donation to the Purchase Fund of the Puget Sound Naval Memorial Hospital, Bremerton, Wash. All subscriptions received will be acknowledged promptly.
3. If there is a tie for First Prize, all contestants tieing for such prize will be required to work an additional puzzle or puzzles known as a tiebreaker, which puzzle will be as practical as the first puzzle.
4. In the event of ties for First Prize in the first or succeeding puzzles, ALL lower prizes will be reserved until those tieing for First Prize have been provided for. Then the remaining prizes (if any) will be awarded in order to those coming next highest in the puzzle immediately preceding. Only those tied for first prize will be permitted to solve this Second Puzzle.
5. Do not accept help from anybody. The Five Top winners may be required to make a sworn statement at the close of the contest that they did not receive help from any other person. This is not intended to forbid members of the same family or household working together.
6. A contestant may submit as many different solutions to the puzzle as he wishes. Should a contestant find he can improve his score at any time, he may submit a new answer, provided it is accompanied by an additional donation of not less than $2.00 more. All money previously remitted on a lower score will be automatically transferred to the contestant's best score.
7. Only one prize will be given to any contestant or to members of the same family or household.
8. We cannot assume liability for charts, solutions, or other material which may go astray in the mail.
9. The decision of the Judges shall be final in all matters. Every contestant agrees to all of the rules of the first or succeeding puzzles and agrees to abide by all decisions of the Judges, regarding all questions that may arise.
10. Failure to comply with all the rules will disqualify your entry. **Final results and winners' names and addresses will be published in the American Weekly and sent direct by mail to all contestants at close of contest.**

255 CASH PRIZES WORTH $20,000

	If $10.00 Is Donated	If $5.00 Is Donated	If $3.00 Is Donated	If $2.00 Is Donated
1st Prize	$5500.00	$4000.00	$3000.00	$1200.00
2nd "	3000.00	2000.00	1200.00	600.00
3rd "	2000.00	1200.00	900.00	300.00
4th "	1200.00	1000.00	600.00	200.00
5th "	1000.00	750.00	500.00	150.00
6th "	250.00	150.00	125.00	75.00
7th "	200.00	125.00	100.00	65.00
8th "	175.00	100.00	75.00	60.00
9th "	150.00	75.00	70.00	60.00
10th "	125.00	65.00	60.00	60.00

Next 30 Prizes $50.00 each — Next 50 Prizes $20.00 each
Next 30 Prizes $30.00 each — Next 50 Prizes $15.00 each
LAST 85 Prizes $10.00 each.

YOUR $5 Investment in Our Hospital Purchase Fund Can Still Win For You **$4,000.00**

TRUSTEES

The entire conduct of the campaign is under the direct supervision of this special committee of 16 Prominent Business Men nominated for that purpose by the Bremerton Chamber of Commerce.

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CAPT. J. W. ROBBINS, *Commanding Medical Officer, U.S. Naval Hospital, Bremerton*
JOSEPH F. WALKER, *Vice-Pres., Bremerton Chamber of Commerce*
JUEL ANDERSON, *Prominent civic leader*
JAMES E. BORGEN, *Manager, Kitsap County Medical Bureau*
MRS. STATIRA BOYCE, *Elected Bremerton's "Woman of the Year"*
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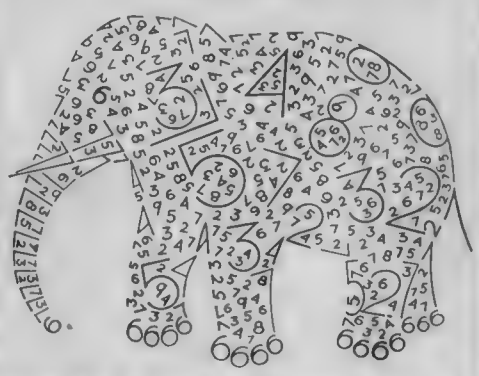
MARION P. SUTTON, *Nat'l Bank of Commerce*
WENDELL VAA, *Auditor, City of Bremerton*
FRANK WOFLI, *Mayor of Port Orchard*

CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 30, 1947

HERE'S HOW TO SOLVE THE ELEPHANT PUZZLE!



How Much Does the Elephant Weigh?

The problem is to find the sum total of all the figures which, when added together, represent *The Total Weight of the Elephant.* Every figure is complete and the drawing is entirely free from tricks, but like a lot of other things, it is not as easy as it looks. The figures range from two to nine, each standing alone, thus: two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and nine. There are no ones or zeros in the chart. The tops of the sixes are curved and open, while the bottoms of the nines are straight. By looking at any figure carefully you can easily tell what it is. However, to pick out all the figures and add them together correctly is a task which requires both patience and skill. Accuracy and patience are the main factors for arriving at the correct count.

There are no tricks in this puzzle. Every figure can be plainly seen. Remember, each figure must be added separately. For example, 456789 is to be counted as: 4 plus 5 plus 6 plus 7 plus 8 plus 9, total 39, and is NOT Four Hundred and Fifty-six Thousand Seven-Hundred and Eighty-nine. In other words, simply add them as you would if each figure stood one above the other in a single column. **Additional puzzle charts will be mailed Free upon request by writing to the Puget Sound Naval Memorial Hospital, Bremerton, Washington.**

YOUR CHANCES TO WIN ARE AS GOOD TODAY AS WHEN THE CONTEST STARTED

HURRY YOUR ENTRY

PUGET SOUND NAVAL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
Bremerton, Washington

My answer to the Elephant Problem is .....

I want you to accept the enclosed sum of $ ..... as my free subscription to your Hospital Purchase Fund and if this is the correct solution to the puzzle, please notify me at the address shown below.

Name .....

Street (if any) ..... Zone .....

City or Town .....

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS NEATLY)

You May Remit by Cash, Money Order or Check

PUGET SOUND NAVAL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
650 4TH STREET, BREMERTON, WASHINGTON

What Makes a HERO?

By J. C. Oestreicher

Illustrated by EARLE B. WINSLOW

THE little 10-year-old girl had poured kerosene on the coals of a grate-stove to give a flash of warmth to a home on the outskirts of Adamsville, Ga., that never had known too much of comforts or luxury. Then came an explosion, a great burst of flame, accompanied by tragedy, terror and death.

Against this backdrop of disaster was the bobbing tow-head and grim-set jaw of Georgie Poore, Jr., a lad of seven who braved flame and smoke to rescue two baby sisters and his own schoolbooks and to win a place in history as nominee for the Carnegie Award for Heroism.

Young George Poore's brush with destiny was not the greatest story of all time to come out of the state of Georgia, whose red clay dirt and pine forests and plantations and sometimes primitive settlements have witnessed high drama in the history of this nation from its inception.

But there was a unique factor involved, which again has set in motion the age-old controversy as to whether heredity or environment determines the careers of young boys and girls.

When Georgie plunged three times into the flaming wreckage of his home, he was in more ways than one the undisputed master of his house and had assumed the burden of tasks far above his years and strength. His father was in jail, serving from three to five years for larceny.

PSYCHOLOGISTS and sociologists debate endlessly upon the subject of home training and parental heredity with regard to the manner in which a well or poorly brought up child will react to the emergencies and realities of adult life. They cite case histories and records, only to find themselves amidst confusion, confounded as to which is the exception and which the rule.

In future arguments over the relative importance of environment and heredity, students of the subject will find good material for analysis in the courageous conduct of young Georgie when fire raked the Poore home that cold night last March.

The elder Poore, who was in jail serving out his term at what must have been for him a time of utmost and deepest futility, had eight children. It was the 10-year-old Jewel who in her innocence tried to stoke the coal fire with kerosene. In the dining room were George, Jr., busy with his homework, and his mother.

"Suddenly," Mrs. Poore recalls, "there was a loud explosion, and the next thing I knew, Betty, my five-year-old daughter, came running into the room, her hair aflame."

The frantic mother fearlessly beat out the flames in her daughter's hair with her bare hands and then rushed into another room in a vain effort to rescue Jewel. Georgie, in the meantime, had dashed into the fire-swept bedroom, beating out the flames on the clothing of two smaller sleeping sisters and, scooping a child under each arm, rushed them out into the cold night air.

Georgie went back to do what else he could. Then as his mother stood weeping on the front lawn of the home, he said: "Be back in a minute."

Out he came with the schoolbooks upon which he had been working when tragedy struck.

A three-month-old baby and a three-year-old sister were the two saved by George Poore, and if it had not been for him the entire family might have been wiped out. A newspaper writer first called statewide attention to the boy's heroism. The writer described him as a "manly little chap" but somehow neglected to mention that he looks very much like a miniature edition of another very great hero, known to all the world by the name of Dwight David Eisenhower.

Jewel Poore died from the burns she received in the blast. She lived only long enough for her father to reach her bedside from the Georgia Tattnall Prison, 175 miles away from Adamsville. He was paroled for that purpose when Georgia state authorities learned of his family tragedy.

Things have been done to alleviate the hardships of young Georgie's mother and his surviving brothers and sisters, if any human contributions can heal such deep wounds.

The Adamsville community raised a fund to restore and rebuild their gutted little house. The American Red Cross did its part and the Carnegie medal for Georgie himself is being pushed by hundreds of persons in all walks of life.

Perhaps the most encouraging part of it is that the boy's unquestioned acts of heroism and the adulation that ensued had not spoiled him.

He is, as the Adamsville folks say, a good kid, who learned things the hard way, without a father to tell him the rules or teach him the ropes.

Little Georgie Rushed Into the Blazing Bedroom, Scooped a Sleepy Child Under Each Arm and Carried Them Out of the House.

Madeleine's TALKING ANIMALS

A French Servant Girl Gives Voice to Her Philosophy on Love and Sacrifice Through the Medium of Four Disgruntled Denizens of the Barnyard

By Irmis Johnson

Madeleine Couppey Paused at a Country Inn to Ask for a Glass of Water and Stayed to Write an Amazing Fantasy of a Talking Rabbit, Cat, Pigeon and Dog.

"YOU know enough to be a servant girl, what more do you want?" 17-year-old Madeleine Couppey's employer frowned as she spoke, adding bruskly, "Besides, we need you here when dinner's late."

The eager little Normandy-born peasant girl, who had merely asked to attend evening classes in a near-by school in Paris when her day's work was finished, hid her tears of disappointment.

Somehow, she knew, she must overcome the handicap of poverty and ignorance, for she had a purpose. Madeleine, even then, planned some day to be a writer.

Her one hope now centered on the books in her employer's library. There she discovered the works of Andre Gide, Katherine Mansfield and others, and studied them a little each time she dusted. Sometimes she got a copy of the book she wanted to know better at a neighboring library and took it to her room at night.

In this way, despite the limitations of her primary school education, Madeleine Couppey was inspired to write a book of her own, the fanciful but philosophical story, "Rumor in the Forest," recently translated from the French by Marguerite Waldman and published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

There were years of hardship, though, before "Rumor in the Forest" finally emerged.

Madeleine had reached the age of 21 before she had the opportunity, and before her ideas had sufficiently crystallized for her to write the delightful allegory of four barnyard animals — Muc, the philosophical rabbit; Grey-Flight, the pigeon; Siko, the handsome cat; and Rahu the wonderful and powerful dog—who escape from the bondage of the barnyard and seek completely selfish lives of freedom in the wildness of the forest.

Each member of this quartet of dumb creatures in revolt against mankind speaks with the voice of a human and expresses views easily attributable to men and women.

Each learns through his own bewildering and terrifying experiences that love and self-sacrifice, rather than freedom and selfishness, are the true means to happiness. Two give their lives for the cause; two return to serve man.

The lesson also is taught by the song of the corn ears rejoicing that they will be harvested and ground into meal for the good of man; the advice of the grapevine with fruits about to be trampled and pressed, "Envy us our bliss, you who exist for yourself alone."

The philosophy is summarized by Muc, the rabbit, when he is dying from wounds inflicted by a hunter.

"There can't be two laws, two kinds of happiness, two kinds of love. And freedom doesn't count before love... You'll never be richer or freer than divesting yourselves of yourselves. If you give only half your life the other half will be resentful and its reproaches will rob you of joy.

"Be a sacrifice in the universal sacrifice," he admonishes, and advocates "that law of love which should govern all the world, and prevent it from shrivelling like an old furze-bush."

One feels that these animals are voicing a philosophy built on Madeleine Couppey's own battles with life.

Born in 1919, Madeleine was one of five children. Her father earned very little as a carpenter and her mother, who had been a plain farmhand since the age of eight, spent her nights stringing pearls to earn a few extra pennies.

Overworked and discouraged Madeleine's mother died when the child was eight. Soon afterward a hard-hearted stepmother took her place.

The woman had no regard for Madeleine's obvious intelligence and ability. Although at the age of 12 the child had been honored by having some of her school compositions published in a scholastic review in Paris, the stepmother got her a job as a housemaid as soon as she graduated from primary school.

With the depression, when the girl was 16, she found herself unemployed and joined the weary multitude of persons who tramped the streets looking for work.

Perseverance netted her a place in a garage as a car-washer; a job much too strenuous for one so young and frail. Madeleine often fainted in the poorly ventilated cellar where the work was done.

Although fellow workers shared their meals with the girl she was extremely undernourished. The stepmother, it is said, was much more generous with blows than with food.

Madeleine, unlike the animals in her moving story, knew of no place of complete freedom to which she could retreat so she ran away to one of the homes where she had been treated kindly as a housemaid.

It was there that she begged for a chance to further her education and was denied. It was there that she read books and grew in mental stature through her own determination.

The need for more freedom and leisure for her self-directed studies led her to take a temporary job as an office clerk. Then came the war.

Madeleine was one of the many who trudged out of the city on foot on the eve of the fall of Paris.

After much weary traveling she stopped at an inn, in a small village, to ask for a glass of water. The old couple who ran the place invited her to stay and for 18 months Madeleine had her first taste of freedom. Here she wrote most of her book.

The last few pages, however, were written in Paris where Miss Couppey had returned in 1941 to an existence of poverty and misery.

Actually Madeleine, like the animals in her story, had come back to serve others.

When her self-appointed task was completed she learned stenography and typewriting and became the secretary of Jacques Haumont, a Parisian writer and printer. He was working in the resistance movement and Madeleine helped him print pamphlets and "The Notebooks of the Liberation."

It wasn't until 1945 that a publisher accepted her precious manuscript for publication. Today her book has reached its 58th edition in Paris and has been translated in England, the United States, Norway, Sweden and Finland.

Madeleine Couppey at 28 now lives modestly in the country on her royalties and is sending her brother, the only member of her family aside from herself to survive, to school.

She is writing a novel and toying with the idea of collaborating with someone in the creation of animated animal cartoons.

Maybe she has another message that only dumb creatures can convey to man.

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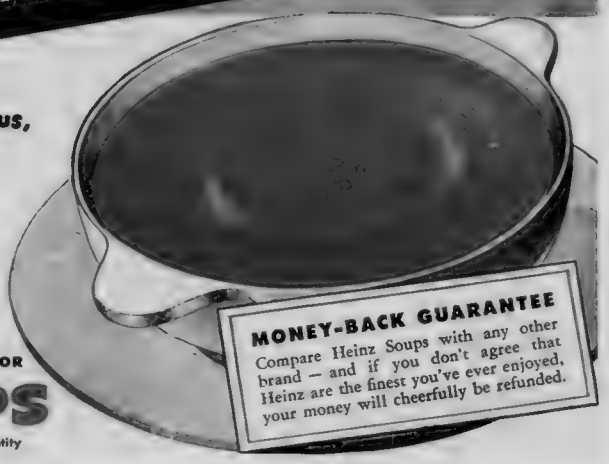

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Jobs That Get Husbands

By Joan King Flynn

IF YOU'RE looking for a husband, and haven't already met the right man, either through school or college, or in the home of a friend, your next best chance of meeting him is to go out and get a job.

Not just any job. Some have a better marriage ratio than others.

Almost twice as many social workers get married as do their sister librarians. Social workers get around more and meet a lot of people. A librarian spends all of her days with books, and most of her evenings, too, according to the marriage percentage.

A music teacher stands a better chance of finding a husband than a college professor. The United States Census Bureau reports that 39.5 per cent of the working women musicians and music teachers are married, whereas, only 16.5 per cent of the college teachers and professors can call themseves, "Mrs."

An old familiar lament from spinster wage-earners goes like this, "The trouble with my job is I never meet any men!" Their complaint is legitimate. Propinquity is still one of Cupid's ablest assistants. The more men that cross a girl's path, the more likely she is to catch one in her marital trap

The most traveled occupation for women is that of an airline hostess. There are fewer than 5,000 of them, yet their matrimonial batting average tops the field.

The Air Transport Association of America reports that 45 per cent of airline hostesses leave annually to be married. Less than 5 per cent marry passengers. Nearly 20 per cent marry airline personnel. The balance go back to their home towns to marry local boys or wed men they met in other places.

Their marriageability bears out the statement of Helen Hess, assistant to Admiral E. S. Land, President of the Air Transport Association.

"It's quite natural hostesses should be particularly favored in the marriage market," Miss Hess said, "because they are picked for charm, poise, good health, initiative, intelligence and an interest in people."

If a girl who is seeking a career and also a husband has the proper qualifications and is willing to invest from two to three years in training, she will fare well in the marriage mart by becoming a nurse. (A recent survey showed that 99.44 per cent of the women questioned admitted marriage was their number one choice of a career.)

There are over 300,000 practicing nurses. Within three years after graduation, well over a third of the nurses marry. In hospitals a nurse has ample opportunity to meet more than her quota of prospective husbands, both doctors and patients.

Over a third of the members of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Medical Association (wives of doctors) are nurses or former nurses.

Public school teachers are more apt to remain unmarried. The National Education Association reports that in 1941, of 693,100 women teachers, only 143,950 were married.

The Communications Workers of America estimates that more than one-third of its telephone operators are married, while slightly more than that leave yearly to be married, many returning to work later.

During the war, one out of every five WACS and women Marines married, service records show.

Marriage in itself is women's number one occupation. In the United States, at the age of 15, every girl's chances of getting a husband are nine in ten. At 30, they are six in ten. One out of every seven single girls is destined to remain so.

More girls are married at the age of 23 than at any other time, although one in every eight girls is married by the time she's 19. For this younger age bracket, the figures are almost twice as much in the South.

Widows and divorcees offer keen competition to their single rivals. They stand a better chance of marrying a second time than a single girl does the first.

One out of every eight brides or grooms in a typical year has been married at least once. However, a once married man is most likely to marry again and will probably choose a single girl, rather than a divorcee or widow, for his second mate. The older he is when he marries, the comparatively younger his wife will be. If he's still a bachelor at 40, a girl's chances of nabbing him are about one in six

A woman's chances of finding a husband are better in a small town than a big city, yet three-fourths of the women who work live in towns or cities. In 1940, there were more men than women in 80 out of 92 major cities. There are 54,420,000 women over 14 years of age in the United States. In June, 1947, there were 17 million women workers. Almost one-fourth were married. In the main, working women are either single, widowed or divorced. Eighty-four per cent of all women work to support themselves or themselves and dependents. In the United States in 1946, there were 2,600,000 marriages and 620,000 divorces.

There are more single women among college graduates than among farmers' daughters who never finished grade school. Ninety-seven per cent of the farm girls who had only one to four years of grade school are married, yet over a third of the college graduates who live in cities of 250,000 or more are single

An analysis of the 1940 census shows that men and women, particularly women, tend to marry persons with schooling similar to their own.

The 1940 census reports that three-fourths of the employed women were concentrated in only 23 occupations, in each of which 100,000 or more women were employed.

The numbers of servants in private families ranked first; stenographers, typists and secretaries, second; teachers, third; saleswomen, fifth; waitresses, ninth; trained nurses and student nurses, tenth and telephone operators, 14th.

No concrete figures on occupational marriage ratios have been offered by the Census Bureau. It has, however, compiled a list of the percentage of working married women in these following professions:

40.2% Dentists, Pharmacists
39.5% Musicians and Music Teachers
39.3% Actresses
38.6% Lawyers and Judges
38.4% Authors, Editors and Reporters
37.2% Physicians and Surgeons
36.2% Designers
34.0% Social and Welfare Workers
28.5% Artists and Art Teachers
24.6% Teachers and County Demonstration Agents
21.3% Librarians
16.5% College and Professors and
30.2% Other Professional Workers
26.2% Other Semi-Professional Workers

So, if you're looking for a job, or a husband, or both, find the job that will help you find the husband.

The Best Chance of Meeting the Man in Your Life Is to Pick the Right Career. Some Jobs Have a Better Marriage Ratio Than Others.

Illustrated by
CONRAD MOULTON

NORDLICHT, The Wonder Horse

Jockey Club Stalls Even Though Army Has Okayed Great German Stallion

By Gene Coughlin

WHAT Nordlicht, the stallion, says to Max, the dachshund, in their stable talks is something outsiders will never know, but it could be something like this

"They know how to hate over here, too. Is it not so, Max?

And Max, the dachshund, could nod in solemn agreement and sympathy. He remembers too vividly the wartime years he spent literally in the doghouse because of his German name and his origin, even if it wasn't German.

But Max came through without changing his name, unlike the unresisting sauerkraut, which was hastily rechristened Liberty Cabbage.

The heat of petty hatred has been shifted from Max now to the imposing and restless figure of Nordlicht the stallion, pride and joy of the United States Army Remount Station at Front Royal, Virginia.

Champion and son of champions, Nordlicht, through no fault of his own, has incurred the enmity of the New York Jockey Club, ruled by a handful of men who have set themselves up as Princes in the Sport of Kings.

Like hundreds of scientists and inventors who fled Nazi rule to bring their talents and their secrets to their newly adopted country, Nordlicht stands ready to serve by perpetuating one of the finest blood lines in race horse history.

But the Jockey Club, flicking its imported riding gloves against bulging jodhpurs, has banished Nordlicht to life among the half breds, inferring it cannot trust him, his ancestors, or his sponsor—the United States Army!

Nordlicht was sired by Oleander, generally regarded as Germany's greatest race horse. Oleander won the Grand Prize of Baden three times and was the two-time winner of the Grand Prize of Berlin and the Grand Prize of Austria.

Nor was there anything weak about the mare Nereide, which foaled Nordlicht, six years ago. She was never beaten in 10 starts!

Her greatest victory was the winning of the 1936 German Derby, defeating the favored Corrida in record time, and gaining the enmity of the Hitler clique which had backed Corrida.

THE two champions, Oleander and Nereide, produced but one foal between them. That was Nordlicht, left alone to carry on the blood line.

Nordlicht didn't race as a two-year-old, but as a three-year old he approached the status of a German Man o' War, winning four races in six starts, including the German Derby.

The increasing fury of Allied bombings and the general tightening up process as the Nazis prepared to meet invasion combined to end Nordlicht's racing career.

With hundreds of other thoroughbreds from the stables of Count Sproti, Baron Oppenheim and Fritz Thyssen, he was shipped to the comparatively quiet countryside of western Germany.

Nordlicht's ribs stuck out through the dried mud on his sides; his mane and his tail collected burs—but his spirit didn't suffer.

He managed to gallop and to snort a regal greeting when the Americans came. They came and looked and said: "There is a horse!"

Nordlicht didn't have to refer them to his clippings. They had the German Stud Book. Through agents inside Germany, the Remount Service of the United States Army knew everything there was to know about Nordlicht.

The Intelligence Officer of the European Theatre had assigned to the Remount Service such men as Master Sergeant Friedlander, born in Germany, later an American citizen and student, who knew Germans—and horses.

All told, the U. S. Army requisitioned 235 German horses, of which 91 were thoroughbreds, their blood lines duly authenticated through records and identification on the scene—and not in the Jockey Club offices on Park Avenue.

THE requisitioned horses were brought to the U. S. in November, 1945, and August, 1946.

Their rations were increased to eight or ten pounds of oats daily, a pound of bran, four ounces of powdered milk and two ounces of molasses. Nordlicht and his immigrant pals grew sleek and sassy, fit to serve their new masters.

The Remount Service selected him and 37 others as the first to be registered in the American Stud Book, through the Jockey Club.

The Remount Service took pains to point out it had no intention of running a racing stable. Between 1921 and 1945, the army service had increased its holdings from 165 to more than 700 stallions. These stallions are placed with civilian agents throughout the country and maintained without expense to the government.

By making good stallions available to all horsemen, the Army has done a good job of improving the breed of American horses generally and a spokesman told the Jockey Club:

"We feel that these German horses are a most valuable addition to our Remount blood stock. These horses represent some of the finest blood lines in the world. Furthermore, many of them are the result of selective breeding on the part of the governmental agencies in Europe."

THE Jockey Club rejected the 38 applications and gave some reasons that merited a horse laugh from the Army Remount station at Front Royal, Virginia, where Nordlicht was marking time, like a good soldier.

For one thing the Jockey Club decided the thoroughbreds hadn't been registered with the Union Club, the "proper" authority in Germany.

The United States Army, through Colonel F. L. Hamilton of its Remount Service, gently but clearly explained that the Union Club has had no control over German breeding or racing since World War I, nearly 30 years ago.

The Jockey Club went on to explain the horses had been given the cold shoulder, so to speak, by the French Breeders Syndicate—and the Syndicate's actions were law where the New York Jockey Club was concerned.

Again, the United States Army enlightened the Jockey Club with this contention:

For months after the occupation, Frenchmen could not enter the American Zone without the permission of the American Commander, which was rarely granted. The spokesman continued:

"At our request, one (1) Frenchman was permitted to travel with us in Germany; and this Frenchman was, and probably still is, one of the most active and important members of the repatriation committee of the French Syndicate. He was completely dependent upon us for transportation, guidance and for information."

THE Frenchman claimed a number of horses at Isaarland, where breeding diseases prompted the American experts to shy off, and shipped the partially identified animals to France where, it was reported, they are duly registered. That makes them welcome here, as far as the Jockey Club is concerned.

The Army isn't content to place the fate of its horses in the hands of a French Breeders Syndicate, the spokesman said, nor does it consider it reasonable that "the French Breeders Syndicate working on information acquired from and through the American Army is technically qualified to sit in judgment on the horses."

Finally, the Jockey Club explained the applications had received "full and extended consideration." It took a total of five weeks to study the blood lines of 38 horses—and find them lacking!

The Army has requested that a committee of disinterested persons be appointed to pass on the breeding and qualifications of Nordlicht and the other German thoroughbreds.

One horseman who has followed the matter claims the Army used the wrong technique in its approach to the Jockey Club. His explanation:

"If the United States Army had turned the German horses over to the French or the British and had them certified, the names would have been entered in the New York Jockey Club books.

"The Jockey Club would have respected the findings of a British de-Nazification court because right now the Club is asking the English Jockey Club to rescind the Jersey Act of 1913, which has a clause that can make half breds out of nearly all American horses, including Man o' War.

"Then there's another thing: The Army says its one desire is to improve the breed of American horses by providing the services of thoroughbred stallions free. That irks the Jockey Club, which has a monopoly on improving the breed here—from the $2 mutuel windows to registering stallions, whose owners get thousands of dollars every year for their services.

"The Jockey Club conveniently forgets one item: Before the states legalized horse racing and took their respective shares of the daily handle in the mutuel machines, racing at tracks recognized by the Jockey Club was permitted solely to improve the breed for the U. S. Army Remount Service! The Jockey Club seems to owe the Army more than the Army owes the Club.

"The Jockey Club tolerated the U. S. Army during the war. But now, in time of peace, it considers the Army lacks the background necessary to pick a thoroughbred from a nag."

NORDLICHT enjoyed a chuckle, by proxy, recently when his GI grooms came across the newspaper account of England's historic Derby at Epsom.

The odds-on favorite, Tudor Minstrel, was defeated by the long shot Pearl Diver. Pearl Diver was bred in occupied France under an alias!

But this changing of names, an arch offense against thoroughbred breeding laws, was given the blessing of the French Breeders Syndicate, which means the French horse with the alias would be welcomed to the royal enclosure of the New York Jockey Club on Park Avenue.

But Nordlicht must stay in exile because he has no one to back him—except the United States Army, which apparently has no standing in the royal court of the New York Jockey Club.

(Exclusive American Weekly Photograph By Tony Sarno)

Son of Famous European Champions Must Remain In Exile, His Services Lost to American Breeders, Because American Raisers of Equine Bloodlines Refuse to Accept Identification of Army's Remount Service.

By G. B. Lal

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENTS for Alcoholics

NEW hope for problem drinkers has come from experimental treatments now being given to help even entirely stop, the appetite [illegible]

Several well-known medicines, especially Benzedrine Sulfate (also called Amphetamine), give promise of playing the most important part in the prevention and cure of confirmed alcoholism.

Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, of the University of Illinois Medical School, Chicago, is among the leaders in this fascinating field of research. He and his associates are investigating whether [illegible] can curtail the appetite for alcohol, since it is known to curb the appetite for food and so is used in the treatment of obesity.

One of the most important keys in this research is the method of measuring the degree of "euphoria," the feeling of exaltation, which alcohol and Benzedrine give. If it turns out that the medicinal drug provides greater "mental lift" than does alcohol, especially in persons disposed to become problem drinkers, a definite advance towards the control of alcoholism would be made.

Encouraging results from Benzedrine treatment have been reported by Dr. Wilfred Bloomberg of Boston, Mass., in the New England Journal of Medicine, as well as by other physicians and psychiatrists.

One housewife, 40 years of age when she was first examined, had been drinking for five years. Every three months or so she had two or three "lost week ends." She was on the verge of delirium tremens. She was given daily doses of Benzedrine for one month.

At the end of the period she reported that she had had nothing to drink since the treatment had commenced. Eleven months later, her husband said that she had gone for nine months without a drink.

Another woman was 33 years old, separated from her husband and unemployed. She had been drinking heavily for three years, consuming daily one pint of gin or whiskey. After she began to take Benzedrine pills, she had no desire for alcohol, and had drunk only two glasses of beer in the whole month.

One patient said she hated alcoholism when she married at the age of 20. Her husband was a regular drinker, however, so she gradually took to liquor herself, to keep him company. While they languished in institutions, their two children, one of them a two-year-old boy, suffered.

She Hated Alcoholism From the Day of Her Marriage . . . Her Husband Was a Regular Drinker, However, So She Gradually Took to Liquor Herself . . .

Benzedrine feeding stopped her desire to drink and she resumed a normal life, regained a useful occupation and again took care of her children.

There seems to be a definite antagonism between alcohol and Benzedrine. The drug somehow prevents the usual increase of alcohol in the blood, and so checks acute intoxication. It prevents most, if not all, symptoms of hangover. It stimulates the nervous system, enabling a person to face the world without drink.

Dr. Max Rinkel and Dr. A. Myerson, Boston psychiatrists, have relieved severe hangovers, even stupors, by injection of Benzedrine Sulfate solutions into the veins.

There are other medicines, also, which give great promise of helping to solve the problem of compulsive drinking. Dr. Rinkel, for example, had a patient who had been a chronic alcoholic of many years, during which he had been arrested and jailed repeatedly, had been sued for debts and divorce and hadn't been able to hold any job. The psychiatrist measured the electrical waves coming from his head, and learned that the patient had hidden epilepsy.

Dr. Rinkel gave the patient Sodium Dilantin, used for epilepsy. The patient ceased to drink. In six years, without touching liquor, he has made and saved considerable money, paid off his debts, bought a house and become a father. Dilantin, apparently, not only alleviated the hidden tendency towards epilepsy but at the same time cured him of alcoholism.

Injections of insulin and vitamin B-1 and Benzedrine, also inhaling of oxygen, help in detoxifying, that is, in purging out excessive alcohol in acute intoxication. Benzedrine and, in one case, Dilantin have even altered personality. Experimental treatments have convinced Prof. Roger J. Williams, of the University of Texas, that susceptibility to alcoholism is due, primarily, to a special "metabolic pattern"—a chemical system of the body which affects personality.

At the Psychiatric Institute and Hospital, New York, a group of scientists, aided by funds given by the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, measured the intelligence and personality characteristics of 47 alcohol addicts. The most important thing they found was that these problem drinkers had a bright, normal intelligence, but something in their emotional makeup, their personality, prevented them from making the fullest use of their mental abilities.

However, instead of isolating themselves, the drinkers, like Don Quixote, went out to fight the windmills—exposed themselves to dangers.

When asked what professions they preferred, they all wanted to have glamorous, aggressive, dangerous occupations, although they should have liked the quiet life. They wanted to be auto racers, stunt fliers, gym instructors, taxicab drivers.

Scientific research is attempting to develop reliable chemical and psychological tests to diagnose early susceptibility to alcoholism. For those found to be susceptible, prophylactic (chemical and mental) treatments may be developed.

Dr. Lyman C. Duryea, of the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, and other authorities believe that it is particularly dangerous to drink when passing through periods of tension. They say, "Ladies, watch your calendar! Do not drink in the days of periodic tension and irritability, for these recur and a rhythm of drinking may be formed—possibly leading to addiction."

Some 60,000,000 Americans take alcoholic drinks, and of these 3,000,000 drink excessively, and 750,000 are chronic alcoholics in the worst sense. During the war years from 1940 to 1945, there was a definite increase in chronic alcoholism—among men 22.6 per cent, among women 12.6 per cent.

Illustrated by K. AVERY

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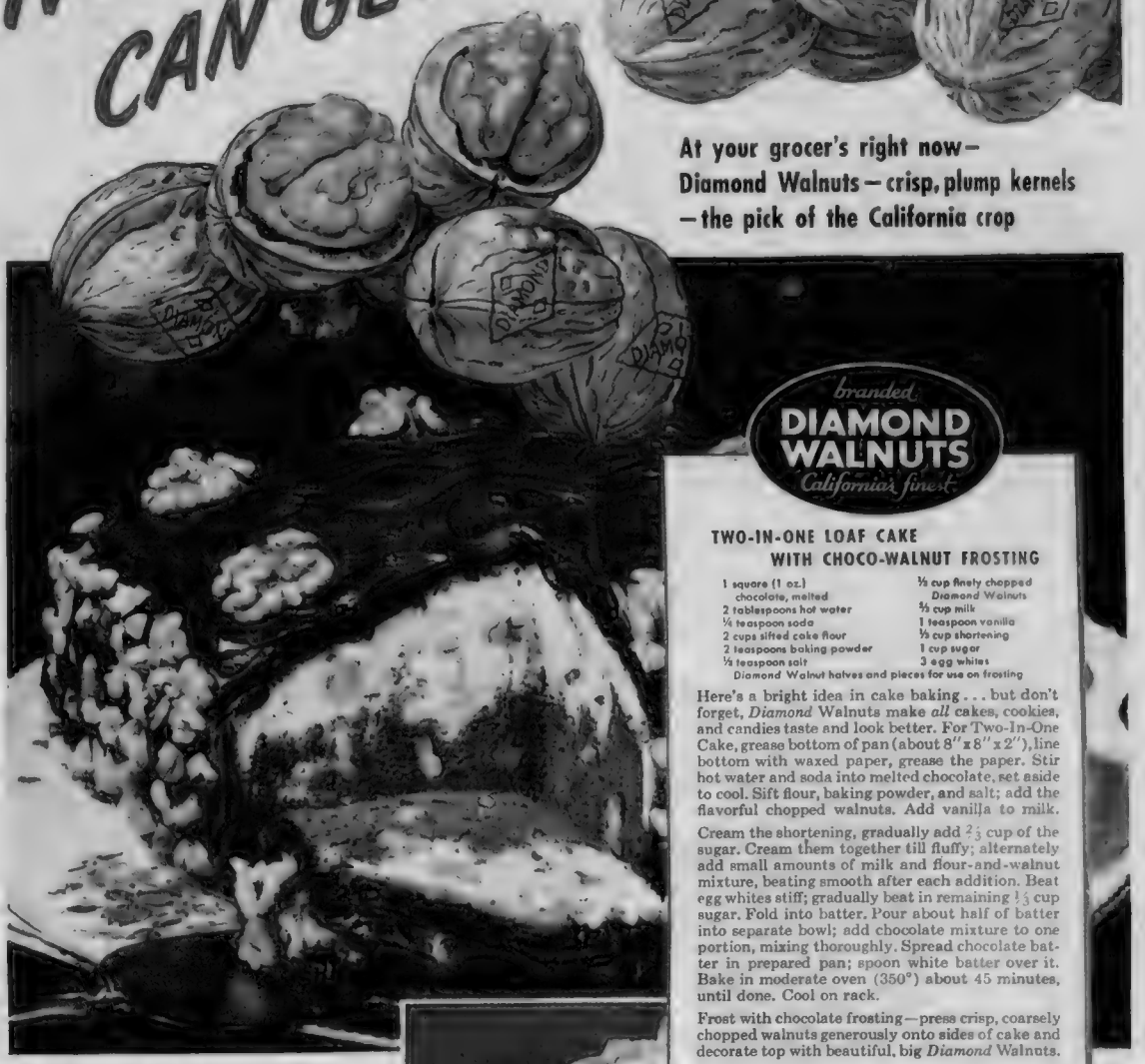

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TWO-IN-ONE LOAF CAKE WITH CHOCO-WALNUT FROSTING

1 square (1 oz.) chocolate, melted	½ cup finely chopped Diamond Walnuts
2 tablespoons hot water	½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon soda	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups sifted cake flour	½ cup shortening
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt	3 egg whites

Diamond Walnut halves and pieces for use on frosting

Here's a bright idea in cake baking . . . but don't forget, *Diamond* Walnuts make *all* cakes, cookies, and candies taste and look better. For Two-In-One Cake, grease bottom of pan (about 8" x 8" x 2"), line bottom with waxed paper, grease the paper. Stir hot water and soda into melted chocolate, set aside to cool. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; add the flavorful chopped walnuts. Add vanilla to milk.

Cream the shortening, gradually add ⅔ cup of the sugar. Cream them together till fluffy; alternately add small amounts of milk and flour-and-walnut mixture, beating smooth after each addition. Beat egg whites stiff; gradually beat in remaining ⅓ cup sugar. Fold into batter. Pour about half of batter into separate bowl; add chocolate mixture to one portion, mixing thoroughly. Spread chocolate batter in prepared pan; spoon white batter over it. Bake in moderate oven (350°) about 45 minutes, until done. Cool on rack.

Frost with chocolate frosting—press crisp, coarsely chopped walnuts generously onto sides of cake and decorate top with beautiful, big *Diamond* Walnuts.

FOR MORE PRAISE WINNERS
Just add walnuts

- Blend chopped *Diamond* Walnuts with cream cheese and a drop of Worcestershire for canape spread or stuffed celery
- Serve a cheese and cracker tray for dessert—with a bowl of *Diamond* Walnuts to complete the flavor picture.
- Make a batch of old-fashioned oatmeal cookies—with crunchy chopped *Diamond* Walnuts in the batter to bring them up-to-date.
- Cook up your favorite breakfast cereal—then serve it extra-special by sprinkling brown sugar and chopped *Diamond* Walnuts on top.

CRACK WALNUTS THIS WAY for perfect kernels: hold walnut point-end up. Strike bouncing (not crushing) blow on point with hammer. And, for more perfect kernels per pound, insist on DIAMONDS.

Two things make this Walnut-Zest Salad look and taste better: (1) that strip of grapefruit peel on lettuce as a wall around the salad; (2) those crisp, flavorful *Diamond* Walnut chunks tossed in with the shrimp, grapefruit segments, and celery slices. Decorate with *Diamond* Walnut halves. Pass mayonnaise or French dressing separately.

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Tripped Into Trouble

MRS. BLANCHE J. GEROMILLER might have had more basis for feeling injured when she was charged with larceny in an East St. Louis court the other day if she hadn't been "injured" so many times before.

The other times the injuries were all physical and a family affair. Mrs. Geromiller was one of the "falling Womacks," a family of eight who, with another woman, made a very profitable business of getting hurt. Ten years ago the Government stepped in and gave them several healthy years—with no accidents—in jail.

Mrs. Geromiller was the daughter of John Womack, the brains of the troupe. Nobody ever had as many "accidents" as the Womacks. They fell over wastebaskets and peanut shells, in and out of doors, under fenders or anything else on which they might collect damages.

The four women of the group were the stars—between them they claimed to have been injured 59 times in two years, and often the accidents "happened" when, they said, the victim was "about to become a mother," thus raising the take.

Always, of course, there were plenty of witnesses and the "accidents" happened where the insurance was highest. Store owners, bus lines, theatres were only a few of the many who had to soothe the bruises of the Womacks with the ointment of cash settlements.

They believed in doing things up brown—also black and blue. If the "accidents" didn't produce enough bruises, they permitted other members of the family to beat them until they were sufficiently battered to convince the insurance company investigators.

They were so successful that eventually they got careless and tried to use the mails to collect, which interested Uncle Sam and wrote finis to their flourishing business.

Mrs. Geromiller's years in the penitentiary may have cured her of falling down, but she really got tripped up this time when she went to the home of Mrs. Josephine Hadden in East St. Louis to buy some clothing, and walked off with an armload while Mrs. Hadden was out of the room.

Assistant State's Attorney Wendell J. Phillips explained that Mrs. Geromiller stole clothing valued at $40 from Mrs. Hadden.

Lifting an armful of clothing is quite a comedown for one of Mrs. Geromiller's gaudy background, but it proved that there is more than one way of getting tripped up by the law.

As One of the Notorious "Falling Womacks," Mrs. Geromiller Was an Expert at Collecting Damages for "Injuries" of Her Own Making.

Strange Monkey Business

ALTHOUGH many people are adept at making monkeys of themselves, it is always a little surprising to see members of the ape family actually mimicking humans.

A strange case of such monkey business happened recently when Mrs. Hannes Joubert, a Cape Colony matron, and her two daughters were making a motor trip around the southern tip of Africa.

They stopped for a picnic lunch in a mountain pass and afterward lay down in the grass for a nap.

They awoke to find a troop of baboons clambering all over their car and disputing furiously over a handbag and other knickknacks they'd found on the seats of the family's automobile.

The monk that won the handbag slung it over one shoulder and promenaded mincingly along the roadside, for all the world like a comedian imitating a society lady.

Two of the other ape actors grabbed a perfume bottle and powder puff and sprinkled and dusted themselves profusely.

This funny show went on for some time because the travelers were afraid to move in on the baboons and try to get their belongings away from them.

After a while, however, the approach of another car caused the apes to scamper off with their loot.

What Mrs. Joubert would like to know is this: Did the baboons learn their primping ways by spying on humans? Or were they just doing what comes naturally?

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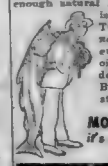

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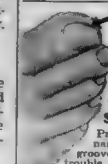

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Bats in His Belfry

IT'S never been flattering to say a man has bats in his belfry. It means that he has a whole assortment of screws loose, or that he's looney, loco, nuts or batty. Such persons usually are carefully avoided.

Hundreds have made the above remark recently about one of the brightest, most agreeable clergymen in England—and he's still popular with his parishioners and in good standing with his superiors. He never catches his doctor staring at him with a calculating look.

Moreover, the Rev. M. C. Russell, of Thornham, Norfolk, really has bats in his belfry.

The 32-year-old parson made the discovery recently when he was made vicar of Thornham after serving as an Army chaplain in Burma.

Approaching the church for his first evening service, the Rev. Mr. Russell found the twilight sky suddenly filled with clouds of circling, squeaking creatures. Householders all around the neighborhood were hastily closing doors and windows.

"MY word!" murmured the minister. "There must be thousands of them!"

"They've been here for years, and their headquarters is the belfry of your church," a vestryman told him. "Your predecessor wouldn't permit them to be harmed."

"We'll have to see about this," said the vicar.

They entered the church and most of the congregation soon gathered. But when the new parson signalled the organist to start the service, half a dozen bats flew from the organ at its first notes and streaked wildly back and forth over the worshipers. Frightened women hastened to protect their heads.

After several more interruptions by the church's evil-looking tenants, Mr. Russell announced a crusade, and invited volunteers to return the next night with tennis rackets.

From his experience in Burma, he knew just how to set a bat-trap. A net was spread across the portico and floodlights were installed. The lights were snapped on and scores of bats swooped down into the blinding glare.

The Parson Invited Some of His More Athletic Parishioners to Come to Church With Tennis Rackets to Help Him Clear the Place of Bats.

Many tangled in the net, and the parson's swatting party went into action. They swung and swung until their arms were sore. Gradually a huge pile of dark, winged bodies was built up, and still the batty squadrons dived out of the night. The parson's men quit after killing 400.

ALL Thornham was delighted, but newspaper stories of the slaughter brought shocked protests from dozens of nature lovers outside. These assailed the extermination of so many of God's creatures, and many of the objectors criticized the batting of bats with tennis rackets as "cruel and unsporting."

"It wasn't cruel," the Rev. Mr. Russell defended. "Downing those bats with rackets was humane as well as practical. They never knew what hit them. And it's more important to restore cleanliness and order to God's house than to squeamishly permit these nuisances to infest the church and community."

Nevertheless, the parson agreed to ask the Army Chemical Warfare Department if it knows a more humane method of knocking off the ugly, fluttering animals. One way or another, he's going to get the bats out of his belfry.

$200,000 Picnic

IF the 2500 citizens of Cobalt, Ontario, ever decide to hold another community picnic, their volunteer firemen are not likely to get in on the fun. Not long ago such a celebration was held on the shore of Bass Lake, five miles out of town, and everybody was having a good time when someone spotted a column of smoke in the distance. Before the picnicking firemen could get back to the practically deserted town, 15 wooden buildings worth $200,000 had burned to the ground.

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Case of the

By Peter Levins

"I GREATLY fear, Superintendent, that the dead woman was a friend of mine named Asquith who lived in a bungalow in Weymouth."

Boston's chief of police, Edward W. Fallon, regarded his visitor, Mrs. Isabel Murphy of Commonwealth ave., with what could be described as restrained exasperation.

"No doubt you have some basis for this suspicion?" he suggested.

"Well, not much, but—"

"After all, we have no body yet only legs found in separate bundles in Boston harbor last Monday afternoon," Fallon reminded her. "Since then we have launched the greatest organized search in the history of New England, and we have checked more than 200 descriptions of miss.ng girls and women."

"I'm sure you have been doing everything possible," Mrs. Murphy conceded. "All I know is that I haven't seen Mrs. Asquith for three weeks."

"What of it?"

"We were very good friends, Superintendent. I can't believe that she would have left town without a word to me."

"A married woman, I take it?"

"A widow."

"Did she have a job?"

"Not lately, but she used to be a shoe model."

Fallon's chair, which had been tipped back to the floor with a bang. "A shoe model, you say!"

Mrs. Murphy nodded, and dabbed her eyes.

"Did she have very small feet?" Fallon asked. "Good-looking? No blemishes?"

"She had the prettiest feet I ever saw."

Fallon recalled Medical Examiner William J. Brickley's report. Size 3 shoe...Ankles 7 inches in circumference, calves 10½, knees 13, feet 8¾. Feet very dainty...Remarkably free from blemishes and callouses.

"Oh, I hope it turned out that she simply went away!" Mrs. Murphy was saying. "She planned to marry a man named John Lyons, who lived here in town, on St. Botolph St."

"She had a boy friend, did she?"

"Yes. I've gone to his place several times, thinking to pick up some news of her."

"And what did you find out?"

"I couldn't find out anything! Mr. Lyons seems to have disappeared, too!"

That information gave Fallon another jolt.

"And he didn't leave any word, either!" the visitor added.

Mrs. Murphy related that her missing friend, the former Grayce Griffin, had married Godfrey Asquith, a farmer, at Weston, Mass., in 1924, when she was 39. The husband had died three years later, leaving her property valued at $5,000 and a small trust fund.

"What about the boy friend?" Fallon asked.

"Oh, Mr. Lyons is really awfully nice, Mr. Fallon. I wouldn't want you to think that he had anything to do with her—her disappearance. He was disabled in the war, and got compensation. A tall, good-looking man—38 on his last birthday, I believe."

"Any family?"

"He has two sisters. One works as a secretary for a big auto concern here, and the other is married to a prominent merchant in Lowell."

Fallon and a group of detectives drove to the Asquith bungalow on Alpine road, Weymouth, just south of Boston. Within a very few minutes they saw that Mrs. Murphy's fears had been well founded.

The place bore unmistakable evidence of a violent crime.

Fallon noted that the dinner table had been set for three persons. A meal, nearly ready for consumption, had not been touched.

"Seems to be more to this than meets the eye," the police chief remarked. "Mrs. Asquith seems to have been killed, and her boy friend, Lyons, seems to have disappeared. But there is a third person involved, judging from this evidence here."

AT LYONS' rooming house on St. Botolph St., his landlady, Mrs. Fannie Stanley, said she had not seen him since Saturday, Sept. 19.

"Somebody called for him in a car, and that was the last I saw of him," she said. "I was standing right here, and he said, 'See you later, Mrs. Stanley.' He never came back."

His fifty-dollar disability check still lay in the mail box, unclaimed.

Lyons' sisters reported that they had no information as to his whereabouts. He had spent two weeks with them at their summer place in Windham, N. H., and had returned to Boston on Sept. 1. They had seen him on a number of occasions after that, but not since about the middle of the month.

That same night, Monday, Oct. 5, 1936, the Boston authorities posted an offer of a $500 reward for information which might lead to the

Chief Fallon Regarded His Visitor With Mild Exasperation Till She Told Him Her Friend Had Been a Shoe Model and Had Very Small Feet—"the Prettiest I Ever Saw."

TABLE SET for THREE

whereabouts of the missing veteran.

From various sources it had been established that he had been seen in and about the Asquith bungalow, and that he had stayed there the week end before he and she vanished.

Break No. 2 in the mystery came the next morning. Again the information came from a visitor to Supt. Fallon at headquarters. This visitor was Mrs. Asquith's attorney, George Locus.

"I have things to report," he began, "which ought to go a long way toward solving this case."

"Do you know where we can lay our hands on John Lyons?" Fallon asked.

"No, but there is somebody else who might be able to help you—if he's alive."

"Who?"

"Man named Bartolini—Oscar Bartolini. Former chef. Worked for Mrs. Asquith as a handy man. I have reason to believe that he ought to know just what happened to Lyons."

Attorney Locus related that Mrs. Asquith had called on him at his office on Commonwealth Ave. on Aug. 19.

She told him that on the previous night Bartolini had entered her cottage by climbing up through a trapdoor from the basement garage, disconnected the fuses, entered the room where she lay asleep, and attacked her.

In her efforts to resist him, she had sustained a black eye and injuries to her arms and legs.

"I advised her to bring charges against him, but she said she didn't want any publicity," Locus continued. "That same day, fearing another attack, she went to stay with her friend, Mrs. Murphy. She said nothing to Mrs. Murphy about what had happened—simply that she'd felt lonesome, with Lyons away in New Hampshire.

"Thereafter Mrs. Asquith kept in touch with me, so I am in a position to know some more about what happened before she disappeared—and before Lyons, too, disappeared."

Lyons, he said, went to Weymouth on his return from New Hampshire on Sept. 1, but found the bungalow locked up.

Lyons had not gotten in touch with Mrs. Asquith again until Sept. 9, when he learned that she had been stopping with the Murphy family.

THAT same day he had borrowed his sister's car, and had driven Grayce back to Weymouth, accompanied by Mrs. Murphy.

Because of the latter's presence, apparently, Mrs. Asquith had not told Lyons of the handy man's behavior.

"On Sept. 13," Locus went on, "Lyons told her that he had to make a trip to Lowell the next day, and that he would be gone two or three days.

"She asked him to put a bolt on her bedroom door. She did not mention Bartolini, but merely explained that she wanted some added protection.

"Lyons fixed up a bolt the next morning, and left for Lowell."

On that same Sept. 14, he said, Bartolini, 44-year-old Italian-born resident of near-by Quincy, had been hurt in an auto accident in which his machine was wrecked.

Two days later, while Lyons was still away, the handy man had borrowed a bicycle and ridden to the cottage, but had not been admitted.

Mrs. Asquith kept the doors barred, and told him never to come back.

On the 17th, he had purchased a new car and driven to the Asquith home. Again she had refused to let him inside.

On the 18th, he had called again, and had been admitted but found a neighbor visiting Mrs. Asquith. He had stayed only a few minutes.

"What happened after that, I have no means of knowing," Attorney Locus concluded. "However, I believe that he returned on Saturday, the 19th, and managed to get inside. I believe that he telephoned Lyons, and later called for Lyons.

"I believe that the three of them were together in the bungalow, but for how long I wouldn't be able to say."

Supt. Fallon's detectives soon were able to extend the chronology of events.

On Sunday, the 20th, Bartolini had declined an invitation to have dinner with friends in Quincy, saying he had an engagement in Weymouth.

On Monday, he had been scheduled to install a bathtub in Quincy, but had telephoned that he was ill.

That same Monday, he had called at the office of Dr. Samuel Lerner, a Quincy physician, who had treated him following the auto accident.

He said he felt as though he had bronchitis. By Wednesday, the 23d, he had been well enough to install the bathtub.

Bartolini was arrested in his quarters on Washington St., Quincy, and denied knowing what had happened to Mrs. Asquith and her fiance.

While he was in custody, the missing woman's head, wrapped in a green window curtain, was found floating in Boston harbor near the foot of the Congress St. bridge.

Bartolini admitted that he had driven Lyons to Mrs. Asquith's home, but insisted that he had not seen either of them again.

"I called her on the telephone after that, as usual, but got no answer," he said. "I kept calling during the time that she was missing, and there was still no answer. I thought she had gone away on a trip with Mr. Lyons.

"I just waited and waited. I never went to the cottage until I had telephoned and was told to come over and do some work. That was why I did not go there after Sept. 19.

"The first I knew that she was dead was when the police came to my place. I never ran away. I was always at home. My clothes are in my room. I have never touched anything that did not belong to me. I did not destroy anything."

BUT there was the circumstantial evidence the police had gathered. His attack...His repeated attempts to get back into the house...Surely he must have been deeply infatuated with Mrs. Asquith and jealous of John Lyons.

Yet no trace of Lyons had been discovered. Did that mean that he was alive, and a fugitive?

Could Bartolini have been the victim of an extraordinary series of circumstances?

Supt. Fallon and his associates insisted that Bartolini must be a double murderer.

They held that the motive had been jealousy, linked with the fear of prosecution for the assault.

They asserted that the green curtain material, in which parts of the slain woman had been wrapped, had come from a store over which Bartolini lived in Quincy.

But, even so, where was Lyons? Or his body?

"Even more than the police, I want Lyons to be found," said the suspect. "I will pay $500 to anyone who finds him, dead or alive."

Neither the police nor anyone else found John Lyons. Nevertheless, a year later, on Sept. 22, a Norfolk County jury found Oscar Bartolini guilty and sentenced him to the electric chair.

"My conscience is clear," he said. "Find Lyons."

Another year passed, during which not the faintest clue to the whereabouts or fate of Lyons developed. If Bartolini had killed him, then he had accomplished a perfect crime.

"You cannot put me to death because you cannot find Lyons," he said. "Maybe if you find him—maybe you will not even keep me in prison."

But the state decided to electrocute him early the morning of Sept. 30, 1938.

By the afternoon of the 29th, all defense efforts had failed. John Lyons had not been found. No evidence had been uncovered as to whether he was alive or dead. Even so, Bartolini must die.

Then came break No. 3. Again there was a visitor.

This time the visitor was Mrs. Olive Wetherbee of Norwell, Mass., who told Acting Governor Francis E. Kelly that she was sure she had seen John Lyons walking along a Weymouth highway about two weeks after he disappeared.

She had not come forward sooner, she said, because she feared the publicity might jeopardize her job with a church publication.

"But now I feel I must speak," she said. "I wouldn't want to see an innocent man executed."

Bartolini won a 30-day reprieve. Governor Hurley set the execution for Jan. 3, 1939, and appointed a two-man committee to investigate.

This committee advised Hurley that it would be a grave error to take Bartolini's life while a third figure in the mystery was still missing.

Result—seven hours before his scheduled death, Bartolini's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

So the great question has remained:

What happened to John Lyons?

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

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action keeps on longer after the brushing stops

New improved Squibb Dental Cream is a new experience in longer mouth refreshment. It helps the cleaning by staying with your brush. It helps after the cleaning by staying longer on the job in your mouth. It's alkaline. It's flavored with natural oils—not synthetic. Stays soft in the tube—won't harden.

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Foolish Looters

A FOREST marched once in Shakespeare — and a murderous usurper lost his head. That was when enemy troops, fulfilling witches' prophecy, bore branches of Birnam Wood to Macbeth's high stronghold of Dunsinane.

But in our own West, another and even stranger forest is on the move. And unless effective action is taken to stop it, America faces serious damage to a unique national monument

A glum Interior Department spokesman replied that the Petrified Forest's $44,000 appropriation does not permit the hiring of additional guards.

The disappearing geological marvel is only one of numerous national treasures that have suffered from the inroads of cold-blooded collectors. Usually the damage has been done by thoughtless souvenir-hunters, who fail to realize that they are robbing not only posterity,

Vandals Have Carried Whole Logs From Arizona's Famed Petrified Forest In Spite of the Efforts of Guards to Protect This National Monument.

—the Petrified Forest of Arizona.

This great natural wonder is on the march, not merely by branches but by the carload, a prominent artist, James Louis Lundean, warned recently in a letter to the Undersecretary of the Interior.

"Whole logs are being carried off in trucks," Lundean wrote. He declared that some novelty manufacturers, greedy for profits and indifferent to the consequences of their vandalism, are subsidizing removal of the petrified logs and cutting them into small fragments to be set in rings, pins and bracelets.

THE Arizona Petrified Forest, probably the best known of several such extraordinary examples of Nature's alchemy to be found in this country, is believed by geologists to have been created millions of years ago. Inundated by floods of mineral-carrying waters, the trees were strewn about the countryside and buried beneath tons of mud and silt. In the process of being turned to stone, the trunks were battered and shorn of branches.

Today they lie scattered across a 40,000-acre reservation, a monument of Nature's magic in turning wood to stone.

More guards must be provided for this reservation, declared Lundean in his letter, "or we will have allowed one of the greatest wonders of the world to vanish through the stupidity of economy."

but millions of present-day Americans as well.

PIECES of Plymouth Rock, the Statue of Liberty, Washington Monument, and scores of famous landmarks and shrines that belong to all Americans, have been pried or smashed off by a memento-mad minority.

For many years souvenir-hunters hacked away at the famous frigate Constitution, better known as "Old Ironsides." This trim warship won a famous battle with a British vessel in the War of 1812.

The persistent and inexcusable vandalism of visitors to the ship was, in part, the reason for restoring it as a sort of floating national shrine.

Not only had chunks been whittled away from its hull and spars, but hundreds of supposedly patriotic Americans had written and penciled their names and initials on its decks and bulwarks.

Outside the U. S. Capitol, several years ago, an entire nose disappeared from the statue of Justice, leaving her not only blind but in no condition to smell.

"Even swords, muskets and horses' reins vanish frequently from historic monuments," one official said bitterly. "That makes us spend large sums of money for a kind of rearmament that will never aid national defense.

"If these people would only remember that they are taxpayers, and that they're only stealing from themselves in the long run, perhaps they'd be less eager to pillage public property."

Q. Why has Joan Leslie switched to new improved DRENE Shampoo?

A. Because it reveals up to 33% more sheen—by actual test*!

JOAN LESLIE, star of EAGLE-LION'S "REPEAT PERFORMANCE"

*Many hundreds of tests—with all types of hair—prove new Drene reveals up to 33% MORE SHEEN than even finest soap shampoos. (An amazing patented formula does it!)

And new improved Drene *never dries out your hair.* Instead, its extra Hair Conditioning action helps *avoid* dryness from shampooing. Leaves hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Try new improved Drene! At your dealer's now in the blue-and-yellow package.

New! Better for all types of hair

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BACKACHE?

• Do you know the proved way to relieve the stabbing, nagging pains of muscular backache?

• Doctors have made tests with hundreds of people. Found that nearly 9 out of 10 gained relief with Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving ordinary backache.

• *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation. Like taking a heating pad to work with you.

• *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax. Pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jabs of pain.

• Save days of agony. Keep plasters on hand. The next time you feel a backache starting—slap one on right away! Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. At all drug stores.

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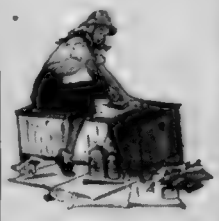

MAKE THOSE HOUSEHOLD TASKS EASIER

How many hundreds of times have you looked at that attic room or the basement, or even the guest room or children's room and wondered what to do about it? Maybe the answer was draperies, wallpaper or paint. Maybe some furniture, or some built-in this or that. It may even have been a simple rearrangement of furniture. The articles on the Household pages of The American Weekly have the answers to these and other questions every week.

After 25 beware of DRY SKIN

ACT PROMPTLY TO ARREST IT —with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON, the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil.

Get replacement help from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, with Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give *special* softening aid: rich in lanolin; homogenized—to soak in better; has special emulsifier.

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Start now! See your skin respond to this lanolin-rich cream.

FREE—For a sample of this rich in lanolin, homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream, send name and address to Pond's, Dept. 150-DK, Clinton, Connecticut.

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CAREFUL! Weather-dried skin looks so dry, flaky . . . and that dryness may deepen old-looking lines.

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits—plus four more special skin softeners to smooth dry skin. Apply overnight, or for just 15 daytime minutes. Send today for free sample

FREE SAMPLE . . . See beautifying results!

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For better looks, longer wear, demand Reeves Army Twill.

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Teen-Age Tempest

Report on Summer Jobs

By URSULA TROW

TEENERS have been writing in to tell us about the jobs they had this summer and what they did with the money. We thought the rest of you might like to hear about these activities, and that you might get some ideas for next year.

Sam Green, Jr., 13, of Marcus Hook, Pa., worked in a meat market. He has his own banking account, goes to the dentist twice a month, pays 25 cents weekly for an insurance policy, and has enough left for swimming and movies.

Nancy Simmons, 15, of Philadelphia, was a counselor at a YWCA day camp. She taught swimming, handicraft and games. She earned a dollar a day, she used a good part of her money to see two Broadway hits. How many of you consider that wise spending?

Jo Nesbitt, 15, of New York City, held two jobs during the summer. Mondays through Fridays she sat as a model for hair styles. On Saturdays, she was a salesgirl. She writes, "I made 60 cents an hour as a model and 70 cents an hour as a salesgirl." Jo saved her money for a vacation in Pennsylvania.

Nellie Dusing, 13, of Dixon, Ill., washed dishes in a hotel on Sundays for which she got 50 cents an hour. During the week she had several jobs as baby sitter. She saved her money and bought a phonograph and records. She gave her mother $42 to help purchase a house they want.

Joyce Lindhal, 16, of West Lafayette, Ind., worked at the local medical clinic. She got $15 a week and some valuable office training. The money is going into a bank account.

Evelyn Levy, 17, of Astoria, N. Y., had a summer job as dictaphone operator. She received $30 a week. Her father put $10 into the bank for "back to school money," and accepted $10 for the house. Five dollars went for lunches and carfare and the other five for spending money. Evelyn was satisfied with this arrangement. Would you be?

Leila Hollander, 16, of the Bronx, N. Y., worked in an office during the summer, and she'll work afternoons when she goes back to school. She buys her own clothes, pays her mother a small amount toward household expenses and saves the rest.

Bob Means, 16, of Costa Mesa, Calif., worked in a restaurant where he learned how to cook. Every two weeks he received $98 and saved 75 per cent of it.

There were several complaints from teeners who weren't allowed to work. **Carroll Phillips**, 13, of Cleveland, wanted to earn some money for Christmas presents but her parents objected to her baby sitting because they think she is too young.

Arden Wright, 12, of Euclid, Ohio, wanted a job in a music shop playing the piano (at which she's very good, she says). But no one would give her a job because she's so young.

"And yet," she adds, "isn't the lack of something to do the reason that there is so much juvenile delinquency?"

What do you think of the way these industrious teeners are spending their money? How would you spend it? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

One Smart Teen-Age Girl Doubled as a Model for Hair Styles and as a Salesgirl. She Saved Her Money for a Vacation Before Going Back to School.

Schoolgirl's Problem

"I OBJECT to the way schools make us take subjects that are completely unrelated to our chosen careers," writes Frances Campione of Brooklyn, N. Y. "Why must I study unwanted subjects in order to graduate from school?

"I am going into the field of music, but of this subject—which I really need—I am given only one period a day (by special request).

"I do, however, get plenty of such subjects as geometry, which I'm probably never use and which I am struggling through.

"Geometry is for people who want to become engineers. It certainly won't make me a better musician. Why couldn't the school authorities arrange it so that instead of wasting my time in a geometry class I could be taking more music?"

What Frances wants to know is whether other students have the same problem she has and what they think should be done about it.

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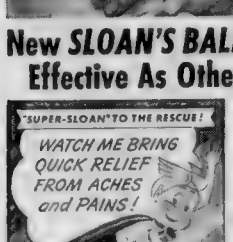

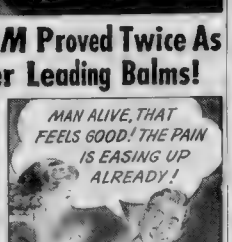

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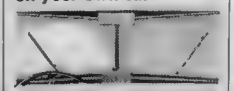

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Simply ask your good gas-pump man next time you buy gas . . . to install for you . . . quickly . . . out on the driver's half of your windshield . . . one ANCO Clear-Flex Wiper Blade.* Deposit with him only the regular price . . . printed on its box. Keep your old Blade . . . if you like.

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Leave untouched the used Blade and Arm on your OTHER wiper short . . . until you compare it with CLEAR FLEX performance in the next storm! You are delighted by CLEAR FLEX . . . the peace of mind . . . the added safety of crystal-clear driving vision.

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICKLY —IF YOU'LL TAKE IT!

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Use as often as needed.

CUTICURA works overnight to help clear up externally caused BLEMISHES

Remove blackheads, banish pimples with scientifically medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura often succeeds where others fail. For FREE Ointment sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. A-18, Malden 48, Mass.

Letters to the Editor

WE FOUND your article "Youth at the Wheel," in a Teen Age Tempest issue, very well done and wish to commend the editors for their foresight in treating a subject so vital to the welfare and safety of millions of Americans who use the highways. The necessity for equipping the teen-ager to cope with the motor age through driver training has long been recognized. The American Automobile Association pioneered driver training in the high schools.

A. J. Montgomery
Director Department of Public Relations, American Automobile Association

* * *

Not long ago I finished a tour of duty in Europe, and I need to have my faith reconstructed. Everything that was so anti-faith during those hell-on-earth years lingers in my mind and I'd like to do some intelligent reading on belief... Could you send me the booklet containing all your "My Faith" articles?

I. B. Mele
Chicago, Ill.

(Mr. Mele has been sent a "My Faith" Booklet—Ed.)

* * *

Astronomy is my hobby and I want to compliment you on the 12 zodiac drawings by Willy Pogany that appeared in your magazine some time ago. The manner in which Mr. Pogany handled these pictures made them much more thrilling than similar scientific and text-bookish drawings.

J. F. Hawk
Petrolia, Pa.

* * *

As a teacher of journalism and sponsor of a school magazine I am very much interested in your series of articles about heroic editors and reporters. Such articles should stimulate public interest in the freedom of the press and in the individuals who fought and died to keep this precious heritage alive.

Julia Helen Shireman
San Antonio, Tex.

* * *

It was wonderful to read Mrs. Barkins article "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator" and I know she's right. The doctor told me to feed my baby every three hours, even if I had to wake her up. The child couldn't get her eyes open for half the feedings, so she gets fed every four hours—if she's awake. She weighed eight and a half pounds at birth, and 15 pounds at three and half months, so she's doing all right. Let's have more articles on how to bring up healthy babies without wrecking their mothers.

Mrs. V—
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I greatly enjoyed your article "Magic in the Pulpit," about the minister who uses sleight-of-hand to point up his sermons. You might be interested to know that the Reverend Halperin, rabbi of the Tree of Life Synagogue, and Judge Benjamin Lencher, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are fine magicians who use their talents in the pulpit and on the bench.

Maurice Kaynen
Miami Beach, Fla.

* * *

Regarding the ability of pharmacists mates to pass a nurse's examination—it could not be done. I'm an ex-Navy nurse and I know these young men were brilliant, courageous and efficient, but they could not pass any state examination, unless they were ready to answer questions on such subjects as pediatrics, obstetrics, gynecology, psychiatry, urology, dermatology, diatetics and many other subjects.

Jean Quick, R. N.
Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

Your recent article about the Loch Ness Monster takes me back to my childhood in Cloyne, Canada, where I often heard the farmers excitedly discussing the "sea serpent" in a lake near my home. Many of these neighbors insisted they had seen the lake churned by the monster.

Mrs. Ada M. B. Schroeder
Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Because I hope to build a tourist lodge at St. John, one of the Virgin Islands, I was much interested in two of your recent articles—one pointing out that the Virgin Islands may become a divorce mecca, the other about Lawyer Freedman, of Hartford, Conn. who is known as the "Marriage Mender"... I hope to have a cottage set aside for couples who think they are on the verge of divorce but who are willing to give marriage another chance. Perhaps a peaceful atmosphere and beautiful scenery will do the trick.

Jerry Backer
Miami Beach, Fla.

The Caruso Love Story

NEXT week's cover was painted by the famous artist Willy Pogany to illustrate the romantic story of "Geraint and Enid" as related by the eminent writer, John Erskine. This will be the first of seven such covers and stories by these able collaborators who have merged their talents to present the exciting saga of a hero and heroine in Tennyson's classic, "Idylls of the King."

THE golden voice of Enrico Caruso was stilled by death 26 years ago, but his memory is still alive in the heart and mind of his 54-year-old widow. Twice, since the passing of the world-famous tenor, Dorothy Caruso married because she thought she had found love. But these marriages ended in divorce. Today she remembers her first husband with deep affection. "There never was another man like Rico," she says. How she is keeping his memory alive, the dramatic story of their romance, and the tragic account of his passing is told in next week's issue of The American Weekly.

MEDICAL research has discovered another blessing to suffering humanity—a pain-killing drug which has all the virtues of morphine with few of its bad features. Brought to this country from Germany in 1945, it will be known by a variety of names and experiments have shown that it is 50 per cent more efficient than morphine. It also promises to be of great value in the prevention and treatment of drug addiction. The story of this great medical discovery is in our next issue.

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Edith Sterling's DEVOTED EYES

A 14-Year-Old Girl and a War Veteran Were Saved From Blindness by a Brooklyn Schoolteacher Who Gave 25 Years of Her Life—and Her Eyes—to Those Who Dwell in Darkness.

SOMEWHERE on the Eastern seaboard today, a one-hand but now perceiving veteran of World War I may well be pondering Shakespeare's lines from "Much Ado About Nothing":

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving — delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

He would be thinking about an unassuming, uncommunicative Brooklyn schoolteacher who devoted 25 years of her life to working for the blind and, when she died not long ago at 69, bequeathed to the sightless a more tangible token of her devotion.

Immediately after her death both of her eyes were removed in accordance with her expressed wish and delivered by the Red Cross to the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration in New York. One cornea was grafted to the eyes of the 51-year-old veteran and the other to the eyes of a 14-year-old girl.

Both operations were successful and both the patients have good reason to be grateful to Edith Sterling, even more reason than the countless thousands who were able to read because she spent so many tedious, painstaking hours translating books into Braille.

No one knows why Miss Sterling became interested in the blind. Perhaps it was because for more than 25 years she lived alone in a Brooklyn hotel. She had no relatives. Perhaps she had a blind friend. No one knows. But she did have eyes, and an unshaken devotion to her chosen work.

Before her retirement from schoolteaching she spent most of her spare hours as a Braillist; after retiring she worked seven days a week, translating books, even doing some of her work at home. She averaged three to four books a year, which is considered a great deal of work.

Following the method of all Braille translators, Miss Sterling would carefully punch the number of required holes for each letter, comma, period, or quotation mark, starting the first letter at the right of the sheet and then working across from right to left.

The sheet, when completed, is "read" from the other side by the fingers of the blind person, and of course when reversed reads from left to right, as do ordinary books printed in most languages. To transcribe a single page of the ordinary novel about a page and one-third of Braille paper is used.

Miss Sterling carefully and devotedly amassed page after page of the translation until the book was completed. Then she bound them methodically by hand and the Red Cross shipped them to various places—individual blind people, organizations, New York Public Library, the Library of Congress in Washington.

Just how many volumes she completed in those 25 years is a matter of conjecture. There are no records available, but one thing is certain—she was a devoted worker.

For her co-workers in the Red Cross it was a sad day when Miss Sterling died. It also was a dramatic day, for the little Braillist had made a will some years before, donating her eyes to unknown blind persons. Her lawyer had told the Red Cross about it. Miss Sterling had never talked about it. But the attorney knew that if her wishes were to be carried out successfully, everything must be in readiness.

Corneas and eyes must be removed within an hour after death, under aseptic conditions.

After removal, they are generally used within 24 hours, although some ophthalmologists claim to be able to use them three days later. They can be grafted to restore sight in only one type of impaired vision, that caused by opacity of the cornea when the rest of the eye and the optic nerve are normal.

Miss Sterling died in Long Island College Hospital. A surgeon was there to enucleate the eyes shortly after her kindly heart stopped beating. Outside stood a Brooklyn Red Cross ambulance.

When the surgeon finished, the eyes were placed in a special container and the ambulance sped to the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration on East 64th Street, Manhattan, the only bank of its kind in the world.

The eyes were used for the young girl and for the veteran, neither of whom had ever heard of Miss Sterling.

Her will, when read, revealed she had also left most of her few hundred dollars to the blind.

The girl who can't say no!

That's Betsy, all right! Hasn't said "No" to good-tasting Gerber's since the doctor started her right from the first on Gerber's Cereals. And how she goes for *Gerber's Strained Foods*—from carrots to custard!

But a girl's never too young to watch her figure. So, when Betsy's ready for Junior Foods she'll get just the *right-size portions*—with Gerber's. Only *Gerber's Junior Foods* come in the *same size* container at the *same low price* as Strained Foods.

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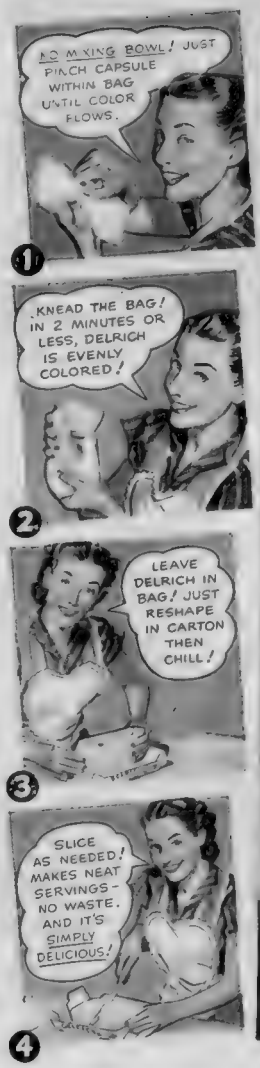
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KNEAD THE BAG! IN 2 MINUTES OR LESS, DELRICH IS EVENLY COLORED!
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See the above pictures—how you color Delrich *inside* a sealed plastic bag. An exclusive Delrich feature. No mixing bowl. No greasy stained hands. No dishes to wash. No waste. It's clean, quick easy—actually fun! You simply knead the plastic bag to color Delrich.

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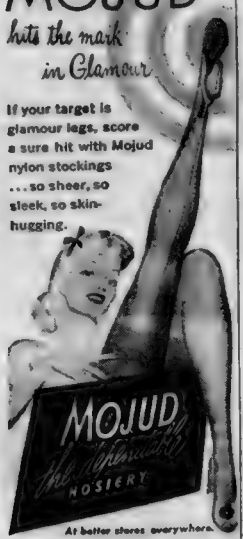

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Household Almanac — Amy Alden

Savory Casserole Dishes

A Good Brown Gravy for a Hearty Meat Pie.

WHEN the weather turns cool and frosty these hearty combinations of vegetables with meat or fish, served steaming hot make a special appeal to the appetite.

The meat pie with its biscuit topping should have plenty of good gravy to spoon up. Use a little extra shortening in your dough for top biscuits. This will make them brown, tender and flaky and they will not soak gravy in cooking. You will find sweet potatoes and chicken together are a natural, for they blend well, and can be served in 30 minutes. Another casserole that can be ready for the table in about the same time is made up of tongue and spinach.

If your family prefer other combinations try tuna fish with potatoes, or ham with potatoes. Both dishes have a well seasoned sauce that brings out their blended flavors. But for the "hurry-up" dinner here is a good recipe for pressure pan chicken, hunter style. It's an old favorite brought up to date.

Meat Pie With Biscuit Topping

1¼ lbs. rump or round beef 1½ inches thick
3½ tbsps. flour
⅜ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. celery salt
5 tbsps. bacon fat
2 beef bouillon cubes
2¼ cups boiling water
¼ tsp. thick meat sauce
8 small onions, peeled
2 carrots, cut in large pieces

Cut meat into 1½ in. cubes, dredge with 2 tbsps. flour, mixed with salt, pepper and celery salt. Brown in large skillet with 3 tbsps. fat. Melt 2 tbsps. fat in Dutch oven. Dissolve cubes in the boiling water, add to fat. Stir, add meat sauce. Add browned meat and drippings to gravy, simmer covered for 2 hrs. Add onions, cook 10 min. Then add carrots, cooking till tender. Thicken gravy with 1½ tbsps. flour blended smooth with 2 tbsps. water. Turn mixture into casserole and top with biscuit dough cut with cutter. Bake in hot oven 450 deg. F. for 20 to 25 min. or until biscuits are done. Serves 4.

Chicken and Sweet Potato Casserole

3 cups boned, cooked or canned chicken
4 cups cooked, pared, medium sweet potatoes
2 cups chicken gravy
4 strips bacon

Arrange the chicken and sliced sweet potatoes in alternate layers in a greased 1½ qt. casserole. Pour gravy over all; top with bacon. Bake uncovered in a moderately hot oven of 400 deg. F. for 30 min. Serves 6.

Tongue and Spinach Casserole

1½ lbs. spinach (2¼ cups chopped, cooked)
1 tsp. salt
3 tbsps. fat or salad oil
2 tbsps. minced onion
⅓ cup light cream
2 tsps. bottled horseradish
Speck pepper
8 slices cooked tongue
¼ cup coarse, fresh bread crumbs

Wash spinach; cook it, covered, with salt, in water that clings to the leaves, for 10 min. Drain, chop coarsely. Melt 2 tbsps. fat in saucepan; add onion, and saute until light brown. Add spinach, cream, horseradish, and pepper, toss until mixed. Line sides of 1 qt. casserole with tongue slices; pile spinach in center. Meanwhile, melt remaining 1 tbsp. fat, and toss with crumbs. Sprinkle over top of spinach. Bake in a moderate oven 350 deg. F. 20 min. Serves 4

Scalloped Tuna and Potato Casserole

4 cups thinly sliced, pared potatoes
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 tbsp. fat or salad oil
4 tbsps. flour
2 cups milk
1 medium onion, minced
¾ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. minced parsley
1 can tuna, flaked (1 cup)

Cook the sliced potatoes in boiling, salted water for 10 min., drain. Then melt butter and fat in top of a double boiler over direct heat. Stir in the flour, add the milk, onion, salt and pepper, and cook over hot water while stirring, until smooth and thickened. Add minced parsley. Arrange potatoes and tuna in alternate layers in a greased 2-qt. casserole, pour sauce over all, bake in a moderate oven of 350 deg. F. for 45 min. Serves 6.

Scalloped Eggs and Onions

2 cups thinly sliced onions
2 tbsps. melted butter, or fortified margarine
1¼ tsps. salt
Dash pepper
6 eggs
1½ cups milk

Cook onions, covered, in the butter until tender, but not brown. Add salt and pepper to eggs; beat light; add milk. Arrange the onions in the bottom of a 1½ qt. greased casserole; cover with the egg mixture; set in pan of warm water; bake in moderate oven of 350 deg. F. 50 min., or until set. Serves 5

Scalloped Ham and Potatoes

3⅓ cups thinly sliced, pared potatoes
2 cups cooked ham strips, about 1¼x½ inches
⅔ cup thinly sliced onions
2 cups thin white sauce

Arrange potatoes, ham, and onions in alternate layers in a 1½-qt. greased casserole. Pour the white sauce over all; cover and bake in a moderately hot oven of 375 deg. F. for 45 min. Remove the cover and bake until the potatoes are tender. Serves 4.

Chicken, Hunter Style

1 4-lb. roasting chicken, cut up
2 tsps. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ cup flour
6 tbsps. olive or salad oil
1 clove garlic, minced
1½ cups minced onion
¼ tsp. thyme
1 chicken-bouillon cube
1 cup boiling water
4 peeled tomatoes, halved
1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained

Wash and dry cut-up chicken; then roll it in ½ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, and flour, combined. Saute pieces of chicken, a few at a time, in the hot olive oil in pressure saucepan, browning on all sides; set aside browned pieces on hot plate. Then saute garlic and onion until tender in fat left in cooker. Add thyme, remaining 1½ tsps. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, and bouillon cube dissolved in boiling water. Add browned chicken, tomatoes, and mushrooms. Cook at 15-lb. pressure for 18 min. Reduce pressure quickly, as directed. Remove indicator, and uncover. Place on hot platter, garnish with watercress. Serves 4.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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- ☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
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- ☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
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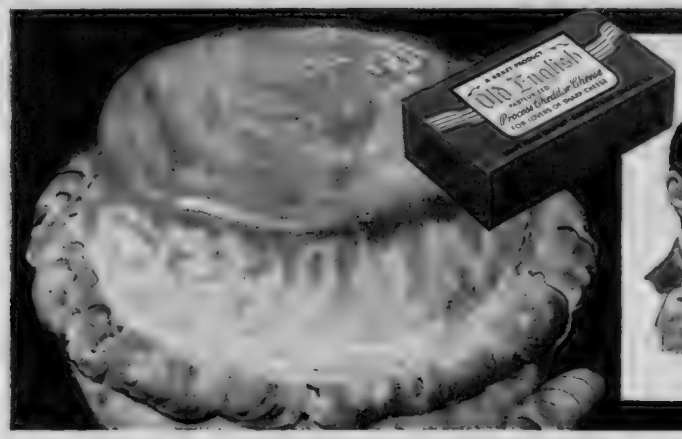
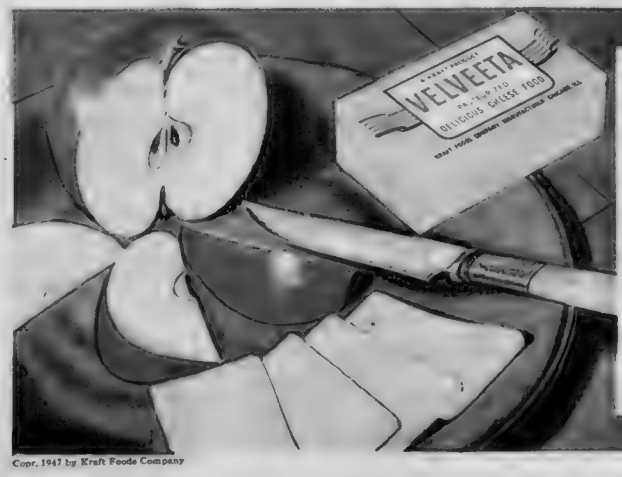


MY FAVORITE: *Sharp*

"Old English" has the aged cheddar sharpness so many folks love – on crackers, in sandwiches. And being a Kraft pasteurized process cheese it's a *sure* "smooth-melter," too – perfect, for instance, for this *Soufflé*: Make a cream sauce with 2 tablespoons butter or Parkay margarine, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ cup of milk, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne. Remove from heat and add ½ lb. "Old English," sliced; stir till cheese is melted. Add 4 beaten egg yolks; mix well. Slightly cool mixture. Then slowly pour it onto 4 stiffly beaten egg whites, cutting and folding the mixture thoroughly. Pour into a 1½-quart casserole. Bake 45 min. in slow oven, 300°. Serve at once.

MY FAVORITE: *Medium-mellow*

Not sharp, not mild, but "just-right mellow." That's what millions of cheeselovers say of the famous Kraft American. And now this favorite pasteurized process cheese is plentiful again—in "half-pounders"; the 2-lb. loaf; also you can have slices or a portion cut from your dealer's 5-lb. loaf. For a real treat try *this* sandwich: Toast a slice of bread (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise, cover with peeled tomato slices, a slice of Kraft American, and top with two strips of partially broiled bacon. Place in moderate oven or under low broiler heat till cheese is melted, bacon crisp. *It's America's tastiest sandwich!*



MY FAVORITE-EST: *Mild*

The "children's special" always is the famous cheese food Velveeta—rich yet mild in cheddar flavor. And *digestible* as milk itself! Whenever you spread a slice Velveeta for snacks you can have the satisfaction of knowing you're handing out important milk nutrients to those young cheeselovers. *Cook* with smooth-melting Velveeta, too, to add flavor plus fine protein, food energy, vitamin A and riboflavin. The 2-lb. loaf is the handiest way to keep stocked for Velveeta treats. There are also ½ lb. packages, of course.

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★ RECIPE ★

1 thick sirloin steak
2 tbsps. butter
1 4-oz. can button mushrooms

Broil steak to taste. Melt butter in frying pan. Drain mushrooms. Sauté in butter until browned. Pour mushrooms over steak. *Suggestion:* Canned mushrooms, rich in flavor and high in nutrition, are wonderful on chops, chicken, and ham slices, too!

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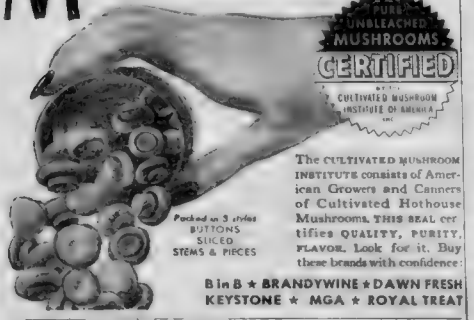

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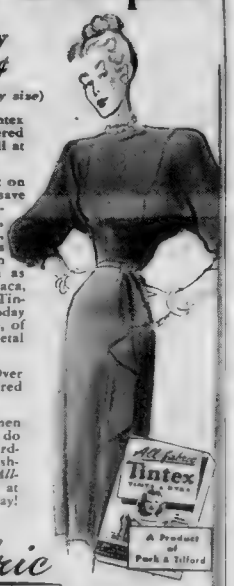

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IRISH-AMERICAN CORNED BEEF DINNER

By JOE CRONIN

ONE of the grandest things that happened to me after I came to Boston as manager of the Red Sox was my introduction to Irish-American Corned Beef Dinner. Now, there's hardly a cook alive who hasn't prepared corned beef in one way or another. But for the lusty of appetite, I'll wager that no one can top the method used by the little Irish mothers of Boston, who have developed a unique recipe for their favorite meal. If you're like me, once you have eaten corned beef prepared this special Irish-American way, you'll never want it served by any other recipe.

Joe Cronin, Popular Manager of the American League Boston Red Sox, Has Participated in More All-Star Baseball Games as a Player and Manager Than Any Other Major Leaguer.

First, wipe the corned beef with a cold, damp cloth. Put it into a kettle. Cover with cold water, and bring to a boil. The boiling should be continued for from three to five minutes. Then skim the water and reduce the heat. Let simmer until tender, allowing about 30 minutes per pound. Cool slightly in the liquid.

Place the corned beef on a platter and cover with another dish. Put a weight on top to press the meat together. To glaze the meat, finish cooking as above, then transfer to a baking pan. Stick in 12 cloves and cover with ½ cup of brown sugar. Add a little water to the pan. Bake in a moderate oven of 350 degrees, basting frequently with syrup until glazed, about 30 to 45 minutes.

Meanwhile, using the liquid from which the meat and scum have been removed, place one sliced cabbage, two turnips, six carrots, eight pared potatoes, and six pared parsnips, cut in halves. Cook the vegetables in this liquid. If it is too salty, add hot water. Too much salt will wilt the vegetables and spoil the flavor. Six small beets should be added also, but these should be cooked separately.

To serve, place the meat in the center of the platter and arrange around it a border of the various vegetables garnished with parsley. The cooked head of cabbage should be cut in eighths. Allow ½ pound of meat per serving.

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Home Town Sweater Girl

By Sally Young

HOW to be a sweater girl a la Lana or some other Hollywood luminary seems to occupy the minds of a great many of our readers much of the time.

According to the letters that come to my desk, the sweaters never quite seem to fit to suit the wearer. Either the sweaters are too blousy, or vice versa. What to do?

Whether the sweater is too big or too little, it—and the dresses and blouses you wear—will look a whole lot better for the wearing of a well-made, well-fitted bra.

Since these little garments are generally bought right over the counter, it is important that you know your size. There are two sizes to know about: (1) the girth, and (2) the cup.

To get the girth, measure directly under the arms. Let's say you measure 34 inches around. Add two inches, and that's the size you ask for . . . in this case you'd ask for size 36.

Now measure the fullest part of the bust. If it matches the girth size (in this case 36 inches) you ask for an A cup. If the fullest part of the bust measures an inch more than your girth size, ask for a B cup. Still taking our example, if you measure 37 inches at the fullest part, but wear a 36-inch bra, you ask for a B cup. Two inches more than the girth is a C cup, and so on.

It is always best to take a size larger than the smaller, if you happen to fall in between two sizes. This will allow for shrinkage.

When should you wear a bra? All your waking hours, and if it's a comfortable one you won't mind this one bit. Some women even wear bras to bed, especially those who fill sweaters out a little too abundantly. It's a good idea in such cases, for then the muscles never have a chance to sag.

Doctors often advise nursing mothers to wear bras at all times. This is one of those little post-natal tricks that help keep a girlish figure.

Your sweater problem may be solved now, but in case you're still not pleased and would like to do a little altering, here are some exercises that may fit your needs.

Underdeveloped at top? Hold arms straight out from shoulders and make big circles, each larger than the one before. Make from 25 to 50 a day.

Do deep breathing and stretching exercises. Stand back against a wall. Raise arms slowly, either sideways or frontways, till they touch the wall above your head. Do it as if you were pushing something. Inhale as they go up, exhale as they go down.

Put your hands on your hips and force your elbows back as far as possible.

For the overdeveloped up top, stand against the wall, back of waist hugging wall. Droop shoulders forward and together, caving in chest. Raise shoulders slowly, stretching forward, up and back. End in original slumped position. Do this 25 times a day and increase to 50.

Sit on floor cross-legged. Sway torso to the right, extending left arm over the head while right elbow rests on the floor for support. Reverse, and repeat 25 times.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
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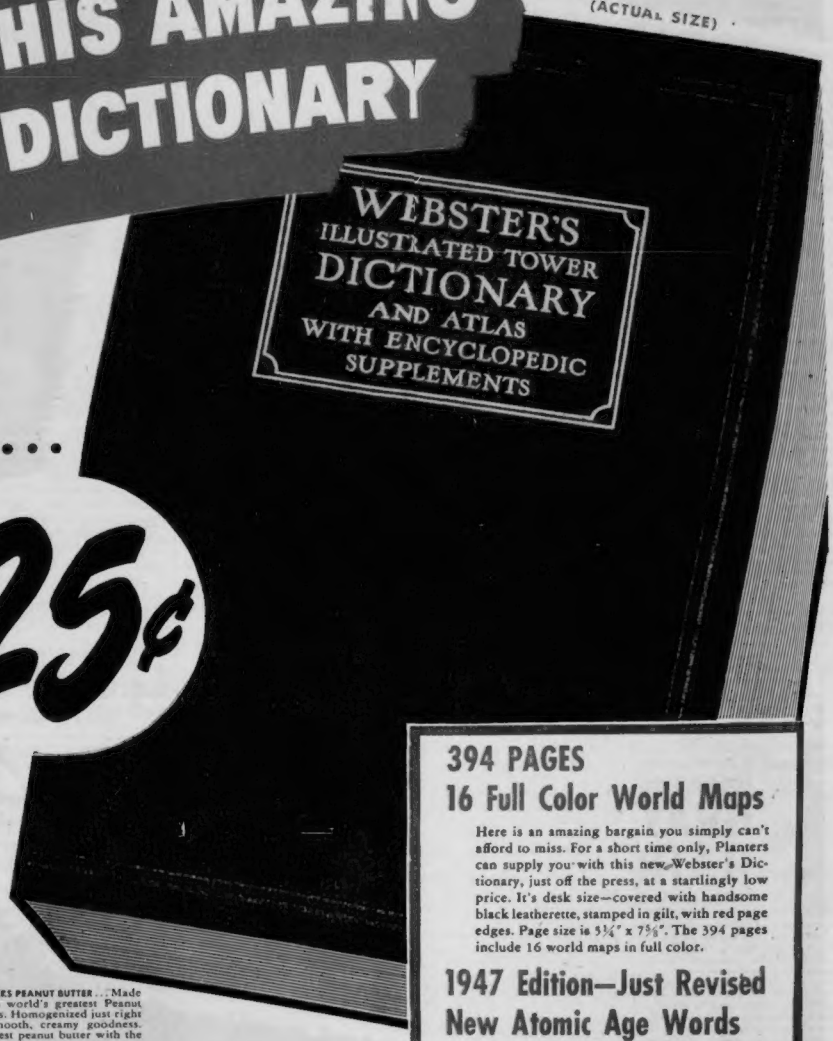

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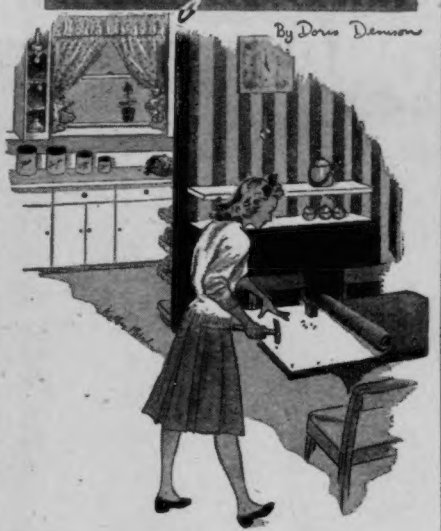
KITCHEN Change Over

By Doris Denison



IF YOU'RE like most women, there's something about a change of season that makes you want to have a change in the decoration of your home, too, and there is one room in your house that can provide full outlet for those redecprating energies at very little cost. That room is the kitchen.

It is true that a kitchen doesn't offer much if you are the type of planner who isn't satisfied until she's worn herself out moving furniture around, but there are endless possibilities in other directions.

A great many of these possibilities are bound up with a material we don't ordinarily associate with kitchens — paper.

Windows

LET'S take a look at your window treatment, for instance. The cottage set you probably have there now is pretty, but if you're a busy mother, it means one more job of laundering. How about investigating paper curtains, which come in many attractive patterns.

They are fadeproof, flame resistant, and specially processed to stand wear and tear. Dust them occasionally, and when they become soiled, throw them away. They are inexpensive enough to be replaced much oftener than the usual kind.

If you're seeking a more radical change for your windows, you can dispense with curtains altogether and effectively frame each window with one of the easily applied wallpaper borders.

Shelving

A VARIETY of newly designed shelf papers are appearing in the stores, a number of which break away from the traditional flower and vegetable patterns. Now, if you like, you can choose stripes and plaids to fit into your modern kitchen scheme.

Tables and Chairs

SHELF edging can be useful if you want to disguise the looks of an old wooden kitchen set. An ordinary table, covered with a bright-hued oilcloth and bordered with shelf edging —tacked right to the table— not only looks pretty, but will save you laundry wear and tear on tablecloths. Matching seat pads, edged with the same ruffling, can be made for the chairs.

Color Scheme

CHANGING the color scheme of the room need not necessitate doing over the entire kitchen. Although your basic color must remain the same, it's an easy job to alter the secondary one by repainting your canister set and changing the color of your shelving and curtains.

If your breakfast nook is an alcove that is actually part of the kitchen, why not set it off by papering it or painting it a color contrasting to the kitchen?

New Napkins

SOMETHING new to stock in your shiny new kitchen are napkins made of nonwoven fabric. They feel like cloth, look like paper. They are inexpensive, disposable, and come in plain colors or prints. Best of all, they do not wad up or disintegrate, even at picnic meals where fried chicken, buttery corn-on-the-cob or juicy fruits are served.

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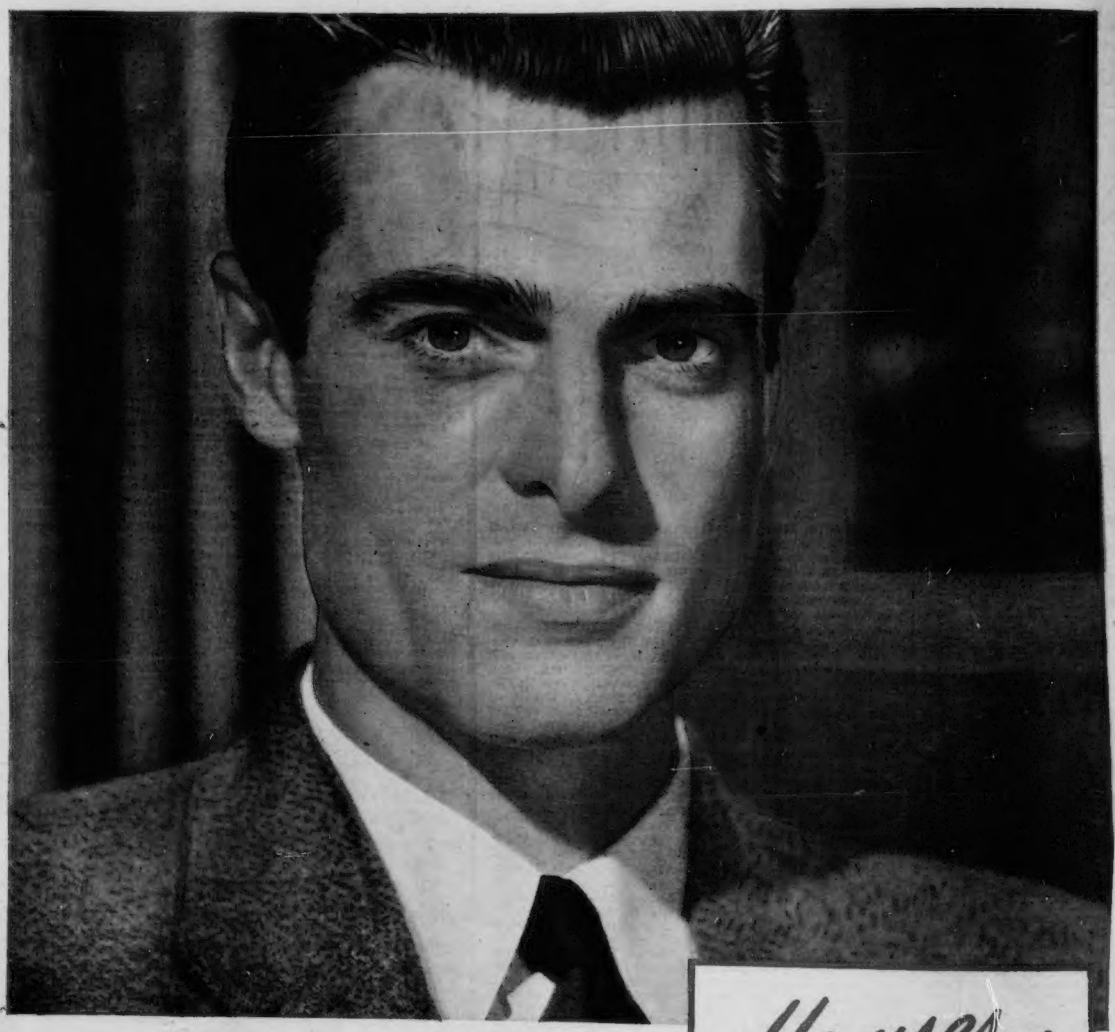

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